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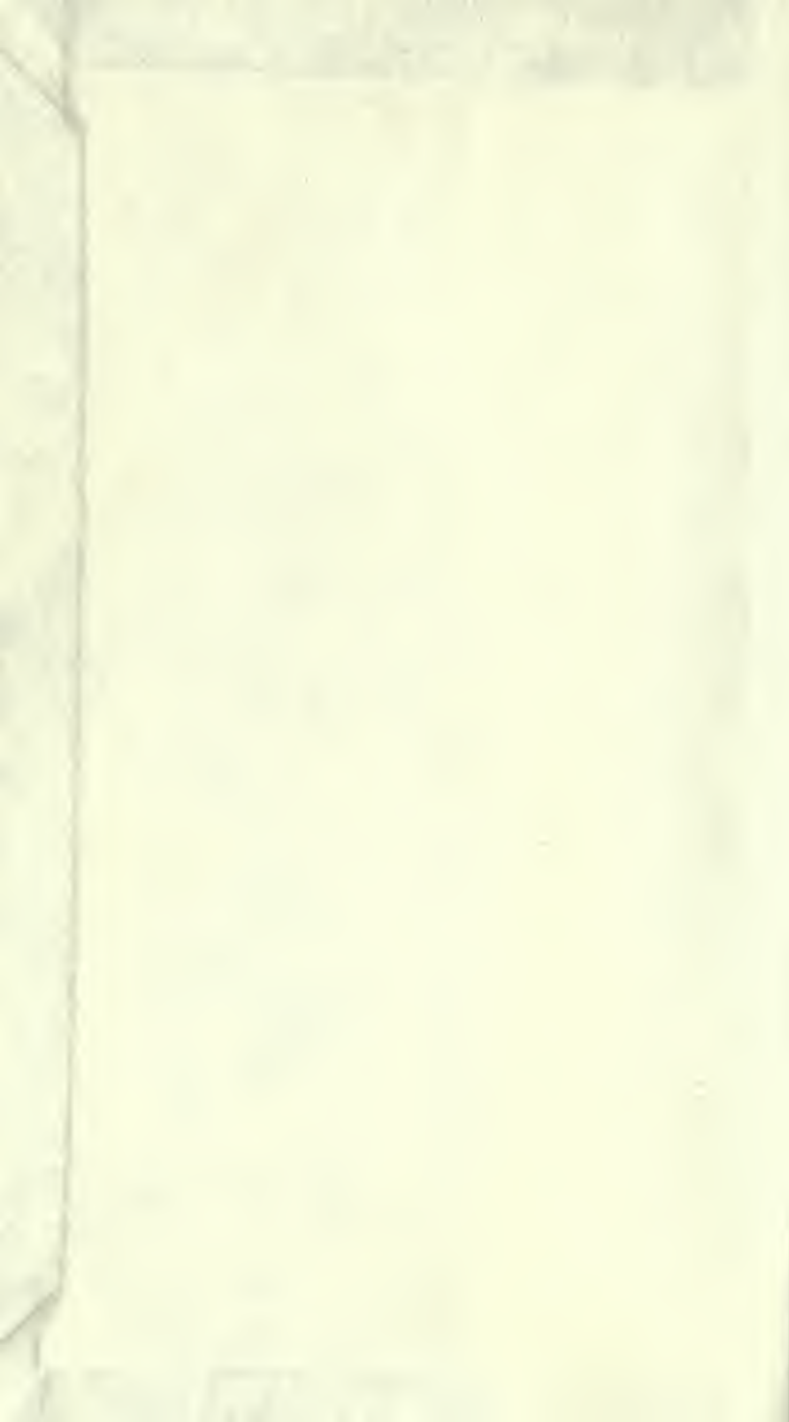


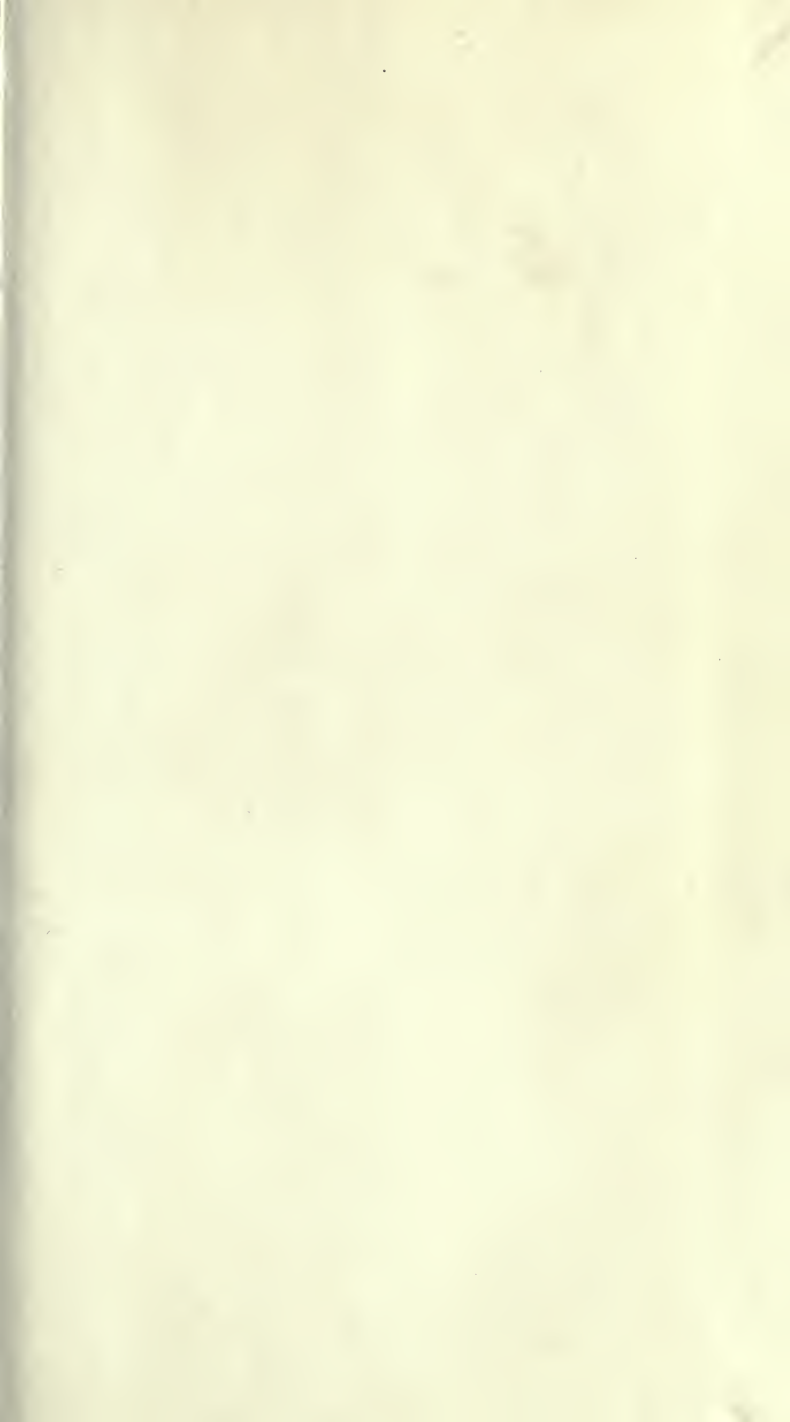
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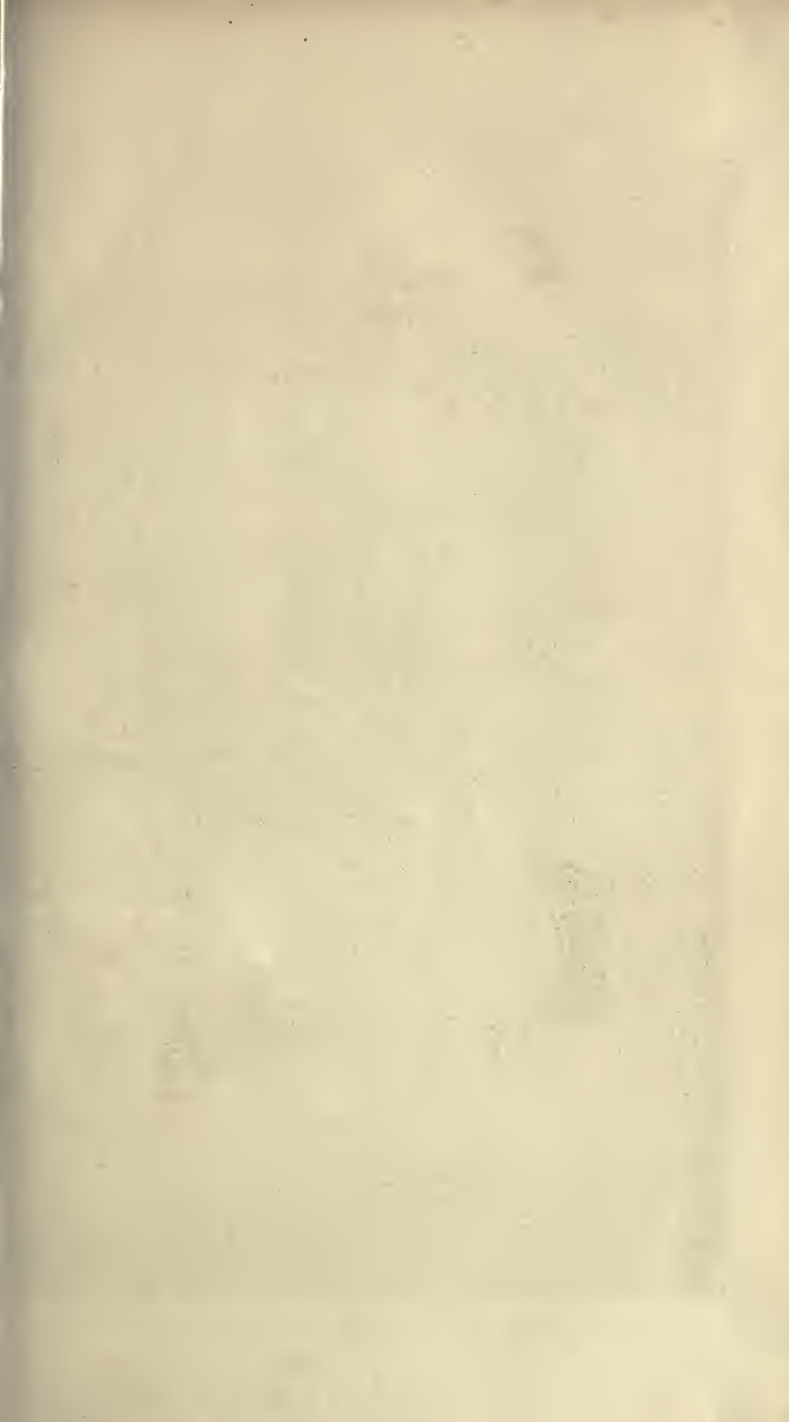
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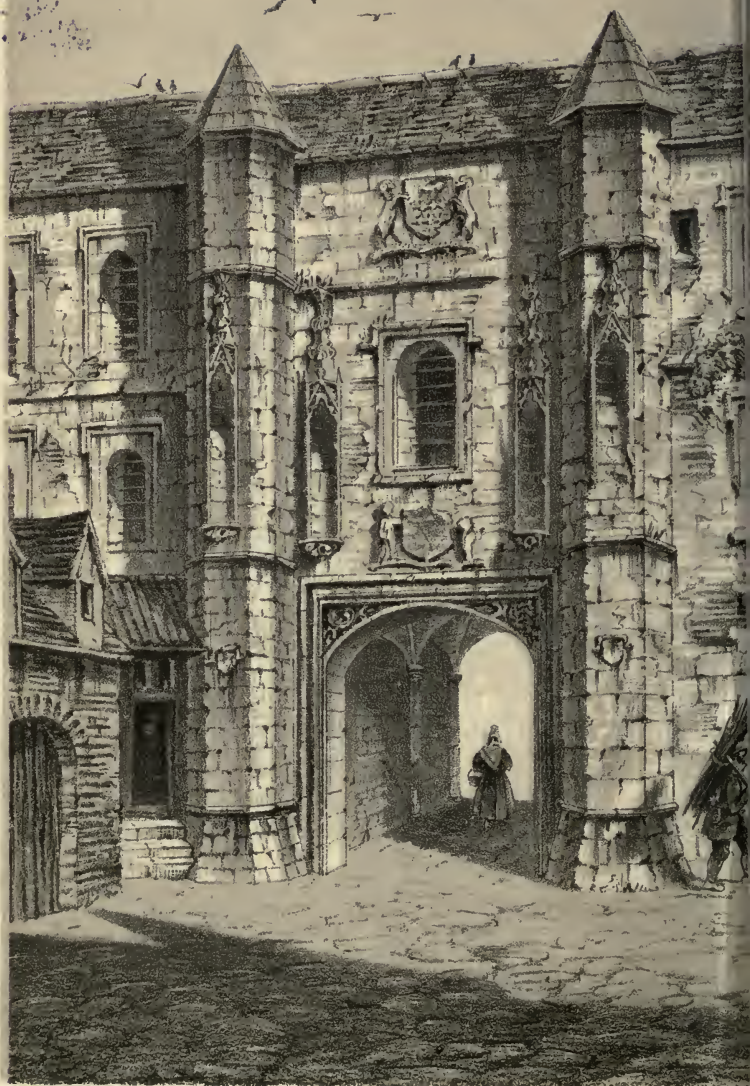
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Annals and Legends of Calais.







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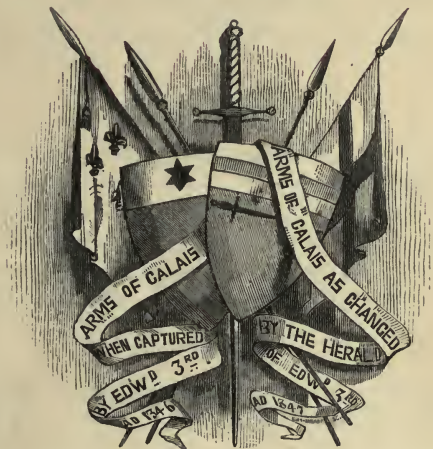
WITH

SKETCHES OF ÉMIGRÉ NOTABILITIES, AND MEMOIR OF
LADY HAMILTON.

BY

ROBERT BELL CALTON,

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN SWEDEN AND GOTTLAND," &c. &c.



[The Author reserves to himself the right of publishing a translation of this work]

LONDON:

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The Annals and Legends of Calais.

CHAPTER I.

The Siege of Calais by Edward III, A.D. 1346-7.



HERE are few places possessing more intrinsic historical interest to the English reader, than the well-known, yet at the same time cursorily regarded, old town of Calais. Behold even in print—especially on some ancient page chronicling the past—the mere name of “Calais” is singularly attractive to the eye. It suggests a theme replete with the early enterprise and hardihood of our ancestry: and as the frontier town to one of the

“two mighty monarchies,

Whose high, up-reared, and abutting fronts,

The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder,”

and the scene of our first attempt at colonization, in the midst of an inveterately hostile people, must ever remain deeply interesting to ourselves.

In the reign of our Second and Third Edwards, this French seaport, so lately brought within in-

stantaneous communication of our own shores, by means of the sub-marine, electric telegraph, might fairly have been termed the Algiers of the Channel, so daring and numerous were the pirates of that day, who issued from the shelter of its haven and defences.

These rovers, at length so roused the ire of the latter-named warlike and enterprising monarch, that, with the enthusiastic concurrence of his people, he resolved to possess himself of their stronghold; being quite alive to the advantage of its position as a landing-place and naval dépôt, during the then pending international hostilities. No better proof, indeed, need be afforded of the high estimation in which that continental border town was held by our own government as a *point d'appui* for the debarcation and marshalling of troops, than the fact of the immense sum, in that day, of £24,000 having been voted by Parliament in 2 Richard II, as the annual charge for maintaining the post in its integrity.

As a naval station, and consequent means of protecting our early navigation of the Channel, the possession of Calais was even of more value to us than as a dépôt for the purposes of aggression. To this fact the powers of Europe were directed by the Venetian ambassador, Michele, in his report to the Doge and Senate of Venice, only one year before we finally lost the place.

“This frontier port and fortress,” says the Venetian diplomatist, “is the key and principal entrance to

the British dominions, without which, the English would have no outlet from their own, nor access to other countries, at least none so easy, so short, or so secure; so much so, that if they were deprived of it they would not only be shut out from the continent, but also from the commerce and intercourse of the world.

“They would consequently lose what is necessary for the existence of a country, and become dependent upon the will and pleasure of other sovereigns in availing themselves of their ports, besides having to encounter a more distant, more hazardous, and more expensive passage; whereas, by way of Calais, which is directly opposite to the harbour of Dover, distant only about thirty miles, they can at any time, without hindrance, even in spite of contrary winds, at their pleasure, enter or leave the harbour (such is the boldness and experience of their sailors), and carry over either troops or anything else for warfare, offensive and defensive, without giving rise for jealousy or suspicion; and thus they are enabled, as Calais is not more than ten miles from Ardres, the frontier of the French, nor further from Gravelines, the frontier of the Imperialists, to join either the one or the other, as they please, and to add their strength to him with whom they are at amity in prejudice of an enemy.

“For these reasons, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that, besides the inhabitants of the place who are esteemed men of unshaken fidelity, being the

descendants of an English colony settled there shortly after the first conquest, it should also be guarded by one of the most trusty barons which the king has, bearing the title of deputy, with a force of five hundred of the best soldiers, besides a troop of fifty horsemen.

“ It is considered by every one an impregnable fortress, on account of the inundation with which it may be surrounded, although there are persons skilled in the art of fortification who doubt if it would prove so if put to the test. For the same reason, Guîsnes is also reckoned impregnable, situated about three miles more inland, on the French frontier, and guarded with the same degree of care, though being a smaller place, only by a hundred and fifty men, under a chief governor. The same is done with regard to a third place called Hâmmes, situated between the two former, and thought to be of equal importance, the waters which inundate the country being collected around.”*

These advantages, or rather essentials to a young maritime power, resolved upon forcing its way, together with the valid plea for conquest, through the piratical outrages alluded to, having in the preceding reign been frequently discussed in council, Edward marched upon Calais from the red field of Crescy, and

* Report of Signor Giovanni Michele to the Doge and Senate of Venice, as translated in Ellis's *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. ii, p. 226.

gave vigorous and determined siege to the place; his fleet, under the command of William Clinton, Earl of Huntingdon, and then Lord High Admiral of England, closely blockading the port, at the very instant the former invested the town by land.

The naval force, according to Barnes, in his laborious 'History of Edward III,' published in 1688, consisted of no less than 738 vessels of war, and 14,956 mariners, together with soldiers and provisions of all sorts accordingly. The second in command to Lord Huntingdon, was the Lord John Montgomery, Vice-Admiral of the realm.

Having by his herald unsuccessfully summoned the garrison to surrender, under the threat of being put to the sword for their obstinacy, Edward entrenched himself, without loss of time, pitching his own tent directly opposite the chief gate of the town by which he determined to enter, knowing that, whatever the strength of the place, or courage of the defenders, the certainty of his supplies from England or Flanders would eventually leave it at his mercy.

Between the walls of the town and river, he erected bastions, and ran up regular streets. In these he reared temporary but efficient buildings of strong timber, which were covered with thatch, reed, broom and skins, his own trenches intervening between the English camp and the beleaguered town.

Thus, by sea and land, was Calais invested, the army being commanded by the King of England in

person, his mere name having become a theme of terror in the country he had so successfully invaded; for the strong cities of Caen, St. Lo, and Bourdeaux, had but just surrendered to his arms.

The whole of Normandy was under his subjection; Crescy had been fought and won, whilst a few years previously, the British monarch had fought in person on board the flag-ship at the battle of Sluys, and completely vanquished the French fleet. In the words of his biographer, "There was not in the world, either heathen or Christian, a man more brave than the chivalrous chief to whom the Calaisians of the 14th century had bade defiance; the gallant Sir John of Vienna, their 'Captain,' having replied to the herald's summons to surrender the town to his master Edward the III, as rightful King of France, that 'He knew but one King of France, who had sent him thither to keep the place for his behoof; and him only was he resolved to obey, being quite ready to live or die in his service.'"

The English lines extended from fort Risban or Ryse bank, on the north-east side, to Courgain; on the north-west by Sangatte, port and fort de Nieulay, commonly by the English called Newland-bridge, down by Hâmmes, Cologne, and Marke, so that the camp looked like a spacious city, and was usually called by strangers that came thither to market, New Calais.

Here Edward established his reputation for justice and fair dealing so satisfactorily, that his markets,

held within the camp twice a week, namely, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, were abundantly supplied with flesh, fish, bread, wine, and ale, as well as with cloth, and all other necessaries, by not only his own friends and allies from England, Flanders, and Aquitaine, but even by the French peasants, who were sure of a fair price for the cattle and other commodities they freely offered for sale.

“Besides which,” as Barnes says, the “Marshals of the host would scour the country daily, and rode often towards Guîsnes and Terroüenne, and to the gates of Ardres and St. Omer’s, and even sometimes to Boulogne, and mightily refreshed the army with prey, which they brought into the camp in great abundance.

“One time especially, the Earl of Warwick went forth with a detachment of men at arms, as far as Terroüenne, where he heard a great fair was to be held, and where they found the bishop at the head of 10,000 troops ready to defend it. But this strength was not sufficient, for they were all worsted by the English, the bishop himself being sorely wounded, and only escaping with life.

“All the merchandize and riches of the fair were taken and carried away in carts and upon horses to the camp before Calais, to the infinite loss of the French, and the great comfort and satisfaction of their enemies.”

In later years, when the English possessed the

town and marches of Calais, these forays beyond their "pale," as the boundary was termed, were frequently conducted with considerable skill and hardihood. Of one in particular, commanded by Sir John Wallop, "knight, capitayne generall of y^e Host," we have a curious account in the Harleian Manuscripts, preserved in the British Museum.

The leader in this foray was highly distinguished in his military capacity, especially in France, having been marshal of Calais, and constituted lieutenant of the castle and county of Guîsnes, which office he held in 1543, when he was appointed captain-general and leader of the forces. On his return from the marauding expedition into the French country, commemorated in the MS., he was elected a Knight of the Garter on Christmas Eve, 1543, as a special mark of the king's approbation. Sir John Wallop finally died at Guîsnes, July 13th, 1551, styling himself in his will, made on the 22d of May preceding, "Lieutenante of y^e castile and countye of Guîsnnes;" Machyn, in his Diary, assuring us that "he was as nobull a capitayne as ever was."

To return to the siege of Calais. On the 13th of September, 1346, Sir John de Vienne, the captain-commandant of the sorely straightened, and vigorously pressed place—with whom were associated in command the valiant Sir Godfrey de Lament, Sir Pepin de Vermand, the Lord Arnold D'Andregban, Sir John Surrey, and divers other knights and esquires,—

seeing that the English king intended to starve them out, thought to rid the town of as many useless mouths as he could, and accordingly forced from the gates more than 1700 of the poorest and least serviceable people,—old men, women, and children,—and finally closed them upon them.

These poor wretches, to the demand, “Wherefore had they left the town?” answered, with great lamentation, that it was because they had nothing to eat. Whereupon Edward, who, though so fierce in battle, showed a truly royal and humane disposition, for he had compassion on their sad state, and attempted not to force them back, as he might otherwise have done, but he gave them all a dinner and twopence each, with leave to pass through his army into the interior without molestation. This generous, unexpected treatment, so wrought upon the hearts of the poor creatures, that many prayed to God for his welfare and prosperity.

About the beginning of June, in the year 1347, when the town of Calais was so “sorely constrained” both by sea and land, that nothing could enter, John, Duke of Normandy, having recovered his losses in Flanders, made an attempt in its behalf, by hovering on the borders of the marches with a considerable body of men, till the King of France, his father, should join him with all his forces. But Edward immediately frustrated this project, by despatching Henry, Earl of Lancaster and Derby, with a detach-

ment of 800 men-at-arms and 1600 archers against him, from whom the duke thought it prudent to retreat.

Nearly at the same time that this successful operation was performed, John Vere, Earl of Oxford, Ralph Baron Stafford, the Lord Walter Manny, and Sir Hugh Fitz-Simond, of the Lord Stafford's retinue, reinforced the king at Calais with a squadron of two hundred sail,—after encountering, and all but annihilating a strong French fleet, equipped for the purpose of forcing the blockade, and throwing succour into the place. "Of these ships, the English took twenty sail and many gallies, with all the purveyance therein," all tending to replenish their own camp, and to dishearten the pent-up witnesses to the action.

This long-expected, and ardently-hoped-for supply failing, the Calaisians were in so sad a condition, that they again lessened their scanty allowance, and thrust five hundred more of the sick and feeble from the gates, in order that they might hold out to the uttermost extremity. And, that the besieged were put to as severe straits as ever flesh and blood endured, we have ample proof from the intercepted letter of Sir John de Vienne to the French king, wherein he says, they have "eaten their horses, dogs, and rats, and that nothing remains for them but to eat one another."

This letter, after having been perused by the English king, was duly sealed with his own signet, and

forwarded to Philip; a postscript being added, that "He trusted the latter would make all the haste he possibly could, to succour his good people in Calais, who bore such misery for his sake."

At the present day, a house may yet be seen in the "*Place d'Armes*," at Calais, surmounted by the effigy of a cat in stone; the legend running, that the building, or rather in strict truth, the site of the one now standing, was sold and conveyed in consideration of receiving the animal in payment, during the famine, created by the siege.

Again the Duke of Normandy attempted to draw near the beleaguered town with an increased force, he having, on one occasion, approached within a couple of leagues of the English trenches, in the hope of causing a diversion in its favour; but he found the country so drained of supplies, that he was compelled to retreat, and leave the famished garrison to its fate.

On the 18th of July, and nearly the last month of the siege, "being on a Wednesday," as old Barnes continues, Henry, the thrice noble Earl of Lancaster and Derby, placed himself at the head of 800 men-at-arms and 2000 archers, and made a foray into the realm of France.

His design was to attack the general fair held at Amiens, on the day of St. Margaret, the virgin and martyr, on the 20th of the said month of July. But when he had ridden one day and a night, intending

to have been at the fair by daybreak on the morning following, he received upon the way information, that the French king had made a last attempt at relieving Calais, and was then on his march with a mighty army of 200,000 men.

To this he was spurred by the energetic remonstrances of the people of Artois and Picardy, who told him plainly, that, if the siege were not raised, and the English removed from their neighbourhood, they must, of necessity, yield up their towns to them.

Whereupon, Philip used the most strenuous exertions, and actually commenced his march towards the coast; upon being convinced of which, the Earl of Lancaster hastened immediately back to the camp before Calais, without reaching Amiens; though, in this short expedition, he had "so well ransacked the country, that he brought back with him no less than 2000 oxen and kine, and more than 5000 sheep, which were a great refreshment to the besieging army."

The manœuvres of Philip in his attempt to succour Calais, together with those of his adversary, who had so long and perseveringly laid siege to the place, can scarcely fail to be interesting to those to whom the arena, whereon the comparatively early game of war was played by the royal combatants, is so familiar.

An undulating waste of sandy hummocks, clothed with scrub and the wild convolvulus, flanks the western sea-board of Artois, and borders the present out-

works of Calais. Within these dreary ramparts to the ocean, closely cropped, mossy downs, together with the newly-made prolific lands of our own time, stretch away to the foot of the *Blanc-nez* heights, and formed the field whereon Philip encamped his host.

For thither, namely, to Sangatte Hill, between Calais and Wissant, and within view of the English camp, his army of 200,000 men marched from Arras on the 30th July, 1347.

This great force, comprising the contingent and retinue of the Lord Charles, King of Bohemia, and the Marquess of Moravia, and Emperor elect, who “sware to King Philip, either by force or treaty, to raise the siege of Calais, or victual the place for another winter,” took up in length a space of more than three leagues in marching across the country. So that, when the mighty host encamped in good order and array, with trumpets sounding, and banners displayed, it was a “delight and terror to behold so gallant, yet dreadful an appearance.” “When the Calaisians first saw them, it seemed as if another siege was going to be laid, though the sight of the French Lilies made them indeed look upon it as an army sent from Heaven for their deliverance.”

Considerably prior to this date, Edward had built a high and strong tower at Risban or Rysebank, on the remains, according to some antiquaries, of what was originally a Roman fortification. This he had garrisoned by sixty men-at-arms and 200 archers, as

well as fortified with "springolds," bows, and other artillery of that early period, completely commanding thereby the harbour and every inlet and outlet to the port. In fact, he had so closely invested the place at all points, that of necessity it must soon have been reduced by famine.

To leave his trenches then, to give battle to the French, who had thus in taunt, as it were, encamped in his immediate vicinity, and thereby put it in their power to revictual the famished town, when it was on the point of surrender, would have served to have neutralized the whole operations of the past year; a false move, which intensely as his army burned to engage the enemy, the English leader was far too sagacious to make.

In the reverse of this he curbed his own fiery spirit, and discreetly resolved to act upon the defensive and retain the advantage of his position, which could only be assailed at two points, namely, by the French advancing by the Downs on the sea shore, or by the difficult road through the marches, before they could enter which, Newland-bridge would, in the first place, have to be carried.

The first-named route was rendered impracticable to the enemy by means of the English navy; the ships and gallies, well provided with bombards, cross-bows, archers and other forces, being ordered by Edward to draw along shore, so as effectually to command the Downs, and gall him in flank if he

exposed himself, as he necessarily must, to their broadsides.

Thus, our old English "*right-arm*," even at that early day, proved itself as efficacious in its "stopping," to the French attack by the coast-way, on our countrymen besieging Calais, as it had but just been felt prompt and heavy in its "delivery," at Helvoet Sluys.

The bridge at Nieulay, or Newland, as pronounced by the English, was so gallantly defended by the Earl of Lancaster and his archers, that the French were repulsed on every attack, and finally disheartened in their attempt to force the passage.

The "Marishes," as they are termed by Barnes, being impassable, and the only two approaches to the English position being thus resolutely and skilfully defended, Philip, on hearing from his marshals that the avenues and entrenchments were too well provided, to suffer him to come to "handy strokes" with his opponents against their wills, endeavoured to tempt Edward to leave the same, and give him battle on his own vantage ground.

For this purpose, after hearing mass in his camp, he despatched the Lord Geoffrey Charney, the Lord Eustace Ribemont, the Lord Guy-de-Nesle, and the Lord of Beaujeau—all four gentlemen of great worth and experience in war—to demand in his name that the British monarch should give him a meeting in the field, "the third next day after, on the 2d of August,

about the time of even-song ;” this message being sent on the last day of July, “if he durst come forth from the siege and abide it.”

Edward, attended by a noble retinue of his chief peers and captains, received the gallant envoys as became his courtesy and chivalry, at the entrance to his pavilion : though, to their pressing solicitations that he would come and fight on Sangatte-hill, as they could find no convenient way to get at him ; he replied, without any tarrying or hesitation in his manner, “Lords of France ! I have well understood what you demand of me in behalf of my adversary, who unjustly detains my inheritance from me, whereat I am not a little displeased.

“You may tell him from me, that here I am, and here have been almost a whole year, and he might have found me here before this, if so he had been minded. But since he hath allowed me so much time, to my great expense and trouble, that now I have reduced the town of Calais into my power, I must beg his pardon, if I determine not so easily, by the advice of an enemy, to forego what otherwise I am in a manner sure to win, and which I always so much longed for, and have likewise so dearly paid for. Wherefore, if he cannot pass this way to meet with me, let him take what way he can, for I will not flinch from him, no more than I will unadvisedly give way for him to refresh the town with victuals.” And in replying thus, as his biographer quaintly observes,

“King Edward proved that he knew his own business.”

With the answer we have recorded literally, the French Lords were dismissed and conveyed beyond the bridge of Nieulay by the Earl of Lancaster and his guard of partizans; when Philip, having failed through the Bishop of Tusculum and another Cardinal, of the name of Stephen, who bore also the title of St. John and St. Paul, to negotiate for a truce to hostilities for the space of four days, and despairing at any further chance of relieving Calais, set fire to his tents on the Thursday morning betimes,—decamped, and finally marched off towards Picardy, where he shortly disbanded his army.

Even this movement, the French king was not permitted to effect with impunity, for the Earls of Northampton and Lancaster hung upon his rear, and “won sumpters, carts, and carriages, horses, wine and other booty, and slew several, and took many prisoners, whom they brought to the camp before Calais.”

Note.—In the hope of gratifying our antiquarian readers, we have given in the Appendix, a roll of the commanders and their respective followers, who took part in the siege of Calais; a very curious, and, as we believe, for the first time, correctly printed document, extracted from the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum.



CHAPTER II.

The capture and occupation of Calais—Queen Philippa intercedes for the lives of Eustache St. Pierre and his Companions—The town entirely repeopled by English—The drum first heard at the siege of Calais—A princess christened “Margaret of Calais,” born at the castle—Allotment of lands and houses to Edward’s barons—The imprisonment and ransom of Sir John Vienne—The Earl of Eu and Guisnes—Solemnities of Arms—The Council of War at Amiens.



THE cup of the poor beleagured Calaisian was now full to the overflowing. They had seen every attempt to succour their starving town, both by sea and land frustrated by the wary and relentless enemy at their gates ; the fleet, laden with food and friends, and al but in port, was captured or dispersed before their very eyes ; and, lastly, they beheld a mighty, overwhelming army, as it appeared to them, compelled to retreat, though within a league of their walls, without affording them the least amelioration, or creating the slightest diversion in their favour. Their own supplies were totally exhausted ; famine and sickness had bereft the brave garrison of its strength and sinew though the heart had ever responded to the roll-call of honour, and, to this moment, had been sustained by the flattering unction of hope. But when they

saw their king fire his camp, and disappear with his host beneath the horizon, and thus leave them to their fate, the spirit of the gallant defenders of Calais, sank beneath the heavy accumulation of affliction and trial under which it had so long and manfully borne up, and sought "its last sad refuge in despair!"

In token of submission, the colours of the town were lowered and cast with sorrow and lamentation into the moat, the standard of King Edward, having the arms of England and France quartered, being hoisted amidst a general cry for mercy in its stead.

Hereupon, an affecting interview took place between the captain of Calais, Sir John of Vienna, and the Lord Walter Manny, accompanied by the Lord Ralph Bassett, of Sapcote, preliminary to the former's final surrender of the town to the victorious monarch, of whom the two English nobles were the accredited envoys. Sir John de Vienne appealed to them as knights of great renown and honour, and famed for deeds of arms, that they would take into their consideration the fact of his being intrusted with the defence of Calais by his own liege lord and master—a charge he had fulfilled to the best of his poor ability; and that they would mercifully intercede with Edward for the most favourable terms of capitulation for his garrison, gallantly pledging himself and the "small parcel of knights and esquires" who had striven loyally and honestly to do their duty, that they would

accept of *none*, but rather undergo a repetition of the horrors they had endured, if the "poorest lad in the town should be doomed to harder conditions than the very best of them all."

To this knightly and spirited message—one that Edward could not but fail to admire in his heart—the only reply and alternative at first granted to the garrison was, that they should unconditionally surrender and yield themselves to the mercy of the English king.

These harsh terms were finally modified through the firm and christian-like bearing of Sir Walter Manny and Sir Ralph Bassett, on whose sympathies the appeal of the beaten, yet ever high-minded French knight, had not fallen in vain. For they supplicated in behalf of their brave and fallen enemy, and dared, as became gentlemen and the sons of chivalry, to remind the stern monarch, "That noble and magnanimous princes, made not war with design to exercise cruelty, and to shed the blood of their enemies for the sake of revenge; but to purchase honour and reputation, by being gracious and merciful, whereby they obtain more renown than by being bloody and cruel, as we may judge by tyrants, who are ever rendered odious and detestable in history."

To this righteous and memorable homily, delivered by a subject to his sovereign without the walls of Calais, Edward replied, that "He would not willingly be alone against them all," empowering Sir Walter

Manny to submit his ultimatum to the garrison, in mitigation of his original, if hasty, determination to put them to the sword, in punishment of their obstinacy and frequent piracies on his seas ; his final terms being, that “ Six of the chief burgesses or citizens of the town, should come forth bare-headed, bare-footed, with halters about their necks, and bearing the keys of the town and castle, and resign themselves to his will ; in consideration of which, the residue of the inhabitants should be taken to his mercy.

These terms having been conveyed to Sir John of Vienna by the English envoy, and communicated in turn by him to the anxious inhabitants of Calais assembled in the market-place ; the citizen Eustache St. Pierre, a man of great worth and substance, stepped forward and proposed himself as the first of the devoted half-dozen, who should, through their martyrdom, be the means of saving the lives of their relatives and neighbours.

St. Pierre’s magnanimous example was soon followed by five other citizens of Calais, respectively named—John Daire, James and Peter Wissant, with two others whose names have been lost to history ; when, amidst universal lamentation and woe, the self-martyred victims issued from the gate of their native town, and entered the dread presence of their conqueror.

To their own pitiful lament for mercy, the English barons, knights and esquires, with tears in their manly

eyes, added an eloquent, yet fruitless appeal. The inflexible victor, who at the first scent of blood, had resolved to put the obstinate garrison of Calais to the sword, panted for some sacrifice to his wrath, and was deaf to the cry for further clemency. He gave the signal to his provost-marshal to proceed with the execution, when his gentle, yet at same time, noble hearted Queen, Philippa of Hainault, the "sweet tempered Flemish girl" of Edward's early love, though very near her lying-in, flung herself upon her knees and besought him for the love of the Son of the blessed Mary, to grant her as a boon, the lives of the six unfortunate men prostrate at his feet; reminding him of the many perils she had endured in crossing over to Calais by sea, in confirmation of her own.

To this touching appeal, even the iron-hearted Edward could not be indifferent. His pulse, become torpid and callous through the influence of protracted warfare, beat once again to the dictates of his own better nature. The voice of the woman he so truly loved and confided in, moved him to pity, when but the instant previously his heart was desolated by passion and revenge.

After an anxious but momentary silence, Edward raised his "gentle lady" from the ground, telling her in subdued and kindly accents that though "he wished her anywhere but where she was, he could not refuse *her*," and that she might do with the lives he freely gave her, exactly as she pleased. Philippa

then conducted Eustache St. Pierre and his companions to her own apartment, when, after taking the halters from their necks, she supplied them with money, food, and raiment, and had them escorted from the camp in safety.

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With this comparatively fortunate termination to the hopes and fears of the conquered Calaisians, the strongly fortified town was yielded up to the English monarch; after it had endured one of the closest sieges on record, of eleven months, within three days; namely, from the 7th day of September, 1346, to the 4th day of August, 1347, which was on a Saturday, and the day that King Edward received the keys.

The town was instantly taken possession of by the Earls of Stafford and Warwick, and Lord Walter Manny, accompanied by their men-at-arms. The common soldiers, who had fought only for hire after piling their arms and harness in the Town-hall, and being amply refreshed, were, together with all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, turned out of the place; the king expressing his determination from the first, to repeople it *entirely with English*.

The "poor commons" of the town were likewise plenteously fed by Edward's orders, though many of these had been so affected by hunger and famine, and rendered so weak of digestion, that they became surfeited and died to the extent of three hundred persons.

“Thus all manner of people,” continues Barnes, “were turned out of the town, except one priest and two other ancient men, who understood the customs, laws, and ordinances of the place, and how to point out and assign the lands that lay about, as well as the several inheritances as they had been divided before.

And when all things were duly prepared for the king’s reception, he mounted his war-horse and rode into Calais with a triumphant clamour of trumpets, clarions and tabors; the drum—so over-esteemed by the French at the present day, and not unfrequently indiscreetly made use of when on actual service, from their love of military clatter and uproar—having been first heard in France on this occasion.

Edward took up his lodgings in the castle, where he lay more than a month, all the while fortifying and improving the town, until his queen, Philippa, was delivered of a “fair daughter,” called “Margaret of Calais.” This princess was afterwards married to the Lord John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, son of Laurence Hastings; but she died before her husband without issue, both he and she at the time being very young.

While Edward the Third tarried thus at Calais, he gave many “fair houses” in that town to the Lord Walter Manny, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Ralph Stafford, and the Lord Bartholomew Burwarsh, who also obtained of the king, in consideration of his services, the permission to marry one of the sisters and co-heiress of Edward St. John, son and heir of Hugh

St. John; his son, Sir Bartholomew the younger, being also recompensed by a grant of the lands of John Louvaine, deceased, till his heir, Nicholas Louvaine, then the king's ward, should be of full age.

Besides this, we find that Edward gave to all his great lords vast allowances for their several retinues during the siege; as particularly to the Earl of Warwick, for three bannerets, sixty-one knights, one hundred and six squires, and one hundred and fifty-four archers on horseback the sum of £1366 11s. 8d.

Others had even greater retinues, as for instance, Henry, Earl of Derby, who had thirty bannerets, eight hundred men-at-arms and two thousand archers; his hospitality and expenditure in the camp being so great, that his outlay in money amounted to more than 100*l.* per day, and had exceeded the wages allowed him by the king, when the town was won, by the—in that day—enormous sum of £17,000 sterling.

These services were graciously considered by the king, his master, who bestowed on him and other nobles, houses and lands in and about Calais, so that through their retainers and tenantry they might assist in defending the new colony!

Edward also gave every encouragement for the emigration of the substantial citizens with their wives and families from London, as well as to the stout men of Kent, from which county, indeed, the newly-acquired possession was principally inhabited. After providing

thus for the affairs of Calais, and fully garrisoning the town, the defects in the fortifications having been repaired, and the strong fort of Rysebank augmented, so as fully to command the haven's mouth, Edward took the sea with his beloved Queen and the Black Prince, his son, and set sail for England.

But on his passage home he encountered a severe tempest, and lost several vessels, men, and horses, ere he finally landed on his own shores, on the 14th of October, 1347, and proceeded to his palace at Westminster, having been received in great triumph by the mayor and citizens of London.

The gallant Sir John of Vienna, the late captain-in-chief at Calais, together with twelve other chief officers, were sent to the Tower, and confined there; till, in about half a year's time, they were "redeemed" by the French king, who honourably paid all their ransoms.

Amongst other prisoners of distinction at this period in London, was the Lord Ralph, Earl of Eu and Guîsnes, and Constable of France, who, it is recorded of him, was so pleasant and noble a knight, and of such acceptable behaviour, that he always brought his own welcome with him wherever he went, being extremely gracious with the king and queen, and all the lords and ladies of the court of England.

For the chivalrous monarch, who had but then founded the most noble order of the Garter, was no churlish jailor to the gallant prisoners whom the for-

tune of war had placed in his power. Though he quartered the Lilies of France on his surcoat, he besieged and took her cities, and brained his man with a knightly buffet in the *mélée* or rescue, he was of too high a mind to treat his captive even with discourtesy, far less undue severity. On the contrary, we have it chronicled to Edward's honour, that all the French prisoners of gentle blood were invited as equals, to the many justs and tournaments to which Merrie England was so addicted at his day.

At these "solemnities of arms," the Earl of Guîsnes just made mention of, "gat great commendation," both from the king and his valiant son, the Black Prince, by whom he was held in high respect for his worth and valour.

It is also particularly recorded, that King David of Scotland, though a prisoner in the Tower, was a frequent participator in these knightly sports; Edward on one occasion at Windsor, delicately surprising his royal captive, by having a charger harnessed with blue velvet, the housings being emblazoned with his insignia; namely, a *pale* of red velvet, beneath a *white rose*, prepared to greet him on his entrance into the castle-yard; the Prince of Wales and Aquitain, not impossibly, holding his stirrup whilst he mounted.

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Among the lords and gentlemen who served with Edward the Third at the memorable siege of Calais, the noble Fitz-Thomas, Earl of Kildare, in Ireland,

signalized himself highly; having crossed the two Channels to the English king, attended by many knights, lords, and choice horsemen, as a volunteer in his cause, through a feeling of gratitude for the many favours previously bestowed on himself and brother, the Earl of Desmond. After winning his laurels, the gallant Irishman returned to his own country in great pomp and honour.

Previously to marching on Sangatte Hill, to effect his contemplated relief of Calais, the result of which we have recorded, the French king had summoned his nobles with their respective retinues to a general rendezvous at Amiens, to be held on the Feast of Pentecost. Here was held a "solemn and magnificent feast" and council of war, attended by Philip in person, accompanied by his two sons, viz., John, Duke of Normandy, and Philip, then Earl of Valois, afterwards Duke of Orleans.

The rendezvous was also attended by the Duke Otho of Burgundy; the Duke of Bourbon; Gaston Phœbus, Earl of Foix; Amadis, Earl of Savoy; John, Lord Beaumont of Hainault; the Earls of Forestes, Armagnac, and Valentinois, besides divers other great princes, earls, barons, and knights.

These potent and warlike personages, whose mere names smack of Milan steel and shivered lances, counselled long and earnestly together, upon the best and most expedient way of raising the siege of Calais, or at least to throw men and provisions into the place.

Philip mainly desired to see Flanders maintained open, that he might put troops into Gravelines, and thence, during the diversion, he purposed making in behalf of the beleaguered town, to carry out his views for its relief.

To this end, messengers were sent to treat with the Flemings; but they proved themselves too fast friends to their English allies, to entertain for a moment the favourable proposition submitted to them. In reverse of this, they not only promptly refused to accede to Philip's request, but, in proof of their sincerity and good will towards his opponent, sent an army of near 100,000 men to lay siege to the strong city of Aire in Artois, and to ravage the country as far as the gates of St. Omers.

The council of war convoked at Amiens finally broke up, the order being, that the French army should take the way to Boulogne, and march, as we have seen, on Sangatte Hill, situated a couple of short leagues without the English lines.





CHAPTER III.

Calais transformed into an English Borough—List of streets and buildings as they existed temp. Henry VIII.—Names of householders of the same era—The visit of Francis I. to Calais—The ancient Hostelries of Calais—Jewellers and tradesmen in 1532—Henry VIII's losses at play at Calais—Knights made there on Allhalloween Day, A.D. 1532.



IN spite of all the vigorous efforts to recruit and save the place, Calais was captured, and speedily became, to all intents, a complete English borough; its male population being esteemed as burgesses, whilst the town itself, governed by a mayor and corporation, and, in due time, represented in the home parliament by two members of the House of Commons, was planned and named in perfect unison with their sympathies.

In proof of this, we offer the following list of streets, public buildings, lanes and alleys, as they were named and existed in the year 1556, two years previously to the recapture of the town by the French under the Duke de Guise, believing that it can scarcely fail to interest and gratify the reader of the present day. For this curious and original information—no reference to the ancient street-roll being made in 'The

Chronicle of Calais,' published in 1846, by the Camden Society—we are indebted to the kindness of our accomplished friend, Monsieur de Rheims, a descendant of the ancient family of St. Leger, in Kent, from whose cabinet, the catalogue of Anglo-Calaisian localities with their French translation, was compiled.

At the era when the survey was taken, whence Monsieur de Rheims' list was extracted, the suburbs and population of Calais greatly exceeded their present extent and census.

The building of the citadel, together with the large space required for its outworks, caused the downfall of whole rows of streets in the western *quartier* of the town, whose names now exist but in legend, in either tongue, though decked in her fantastic guise, the old thoroughfares trod by our emigré forefathers, with their quaint and thoroughly English appellations, done in black letter on their pointed gables, aided by the document at our elbow, would seem revived and palpable to the musing eye of reverie.

They are even given under the appropriate heads of—

Legend and Traduction.

1 St. Mary's Church	Eglise Ste. Marie.
2 Cemetery	Cimitière.
3 St. Nicholas Church	Eglise St. Nicholas.
4 Cemetery	Cimitière.
5 The Castle	Le Château.

Legend.	Traduction.
6 The Staple Hall, Exchequer, and Palace of Henry VIII.	La Halle, ou Palais de l'Etape et Henri VIII.
7 The Town Hall, Butcheries, Weighing-place, and Watch-Tower	La Palais de Ville, Boucheries ; Halle au poids, et Tour du Guet.
8 The Market-place	Place du Marché.
9 St. Nicholas' Square	Place St. Nicholas.
10 The old River or Middle Sewer	La Vielle Rivière ou Egouts du centres.
11 Hemp Street	Rue de l'Etoupe.
12 Mill-gate Street	Rue de la porte du Moulin.
13 St. Nicholas Street	Rue St. Nicholas.
14 Sand-port Street	Rue de la porte du Sable.
15 Castle Street	Rue du Château.
16 Corket Street	Rue de Corket.
17 James' Shafts	Trous de Jacques.
18 Rigging Street	Rue du Calfeutrage ou du Gréement.
19 Pickering Street	Rue Pickering.
20 Lanthorne-gate Street	Rue de la porte de la Lanterne.
21 Staple Street	Rue de l'Etape.
22 White Hill Street	Rue du Mont Blanc.
23 St. John Street	Rue St. Jean.
24 Cocks Lane	Rue des Coqs.
25 Prison Lane	Rue de la Prison.
26 Love Lane	Rue d'Amour.
27 Maison Dieu Street	Rue Maison Dieu (Hôpital.)
28 Water-gate Street	Rue de la porte d'Eau.
29 Little Lane	Petite Rue.
30 Old Fisher's Street	Rue vielle des Pêcheurs ou de vieux Pêcheurs.
33 Parsons street	Rue des Prêtres.
32 Duke Street	Rue du Duc.
31 Carden Street	Rue des Cardeurs.

Legend

Traduction.

34 Folkstone Street	Rue de Folkstone.
35 Water Gand Street	Rue du Watergand.
36 Penny Lane	Rue du Penny (Sol.)
37 Shoe Lane	Rue du Soulier.
38 Layden Street	Rue du Plomb.
39 Langham Street	Rue de Langham.
40 Mingraven Street	Rue de Mingraven.
41 Brampton Street	Rue de Brampton.
42 Roper's Lane	Rue des Cordiers.
43 Sewer Street	Rue de l'Egout.
44 Great Friars Lane	Grande Rue des Moines.
45 A street leading to the Stews .	Rue allant aux étuves.
46 Bigging Street	Rue des Béguines.
47 Farthing Street	Rue du Liard.
48 Cow Lane	Rue de la Vache.
49 Boulogne-gate Street	Rue de la porte de Boulogne.
50 Golden Street	Rue d'Or.
51 Fuller's Street	Rue des Foulons.
52 Old Haven	Vieux Hâvre.
53 Boulogne-well	Puits de Boulogne.
54 South Mill	Moulin du Sud.
55 Marshal's Tower Lane	Rue de la Tour du Maréchal.
56 The Lanthorn Gate	Porte de la Lanterne.
57 Water Gate	Porte d'Eau.
58 Mill Gate	Porte du Moulin.
59 Boulogne Gate	Porte de Boulogne.
60 Flood Gates	Ecluses de Chasse.
61 Rysebank or Risban	Risbane.
62 Jetties	Jetées.
63 Towers with batteries for the defence of the town	Tours avec batteries pour défendre la place.
64 Ramparts	Remparts.

An ancient plan of Calais, taken in the reign of

Henry VIII, is preserved in the British Museum, though it is believed the foregoing list of streets and buildings as they existed at that period, will be found an originality in print. When the monarch just made mention of visited Calais in 1532, it was calculated that the town was capable of furnishing 2400 beds, and stabling for 2000 horses; at least, so old Stowe asserts in his Chronicle.

In addition to the preceding glimpse at this curious old town, to which we would fain assist the reader, we are enabled, in something beyond imagination, to repeople the ancient thoroughfares, and to place before his eye a page or two of the Anglo-Calaisian directory, as we may suppose it to have been compiled three or four centuries ago.

This municipal relic was exhumed from an old land rental, also in the possession of the gentleman to whom we are so much indebted for the previous information respecting the streets of Calais during the English era. And if the aforesaid streets smack of the island-home, whence their sponsors originally hailed, the few following names of householders and colonial yeomen, extracted from the scroll alluded to, ring on the ear as metal perfectly unalloyed with aught like a lack of nationality, despite the long term of emigration, to which the "stock" had been exposed.

Take, for example :—

"Robin Gappes," (not impossibly of "Cow Lane.")

John Gibbons	John Pynfold.
Hugh Giles	Ralph Noble.
Anthony Warren	Nicholas Whittells.
Richard Gilbert	John English.
Daniel Knight	Walter Joyce Dallas.
Anthony Carver	John Cox.
Sampson Norton	John Massingberd.
Henry Lacy	Richard Brown.
Christopher Tempest	John Addison.
Richard Judson	James Thacker.
Walter Baker	Thornton's widow.
William Gardiner	William Staples.
Richard Chaffer	John Porter.
Anthony Strayle	William Burdon.
Randall Marshall	William Snowden.
William Stephens	Ralph Brooke.
Bryan Vavasour	Richard Sextons.
Richard Rutter	Edward Pye.
Edward Jenkins	Richard Long.
Lucas' widow	"The Redde Crosse," Public-house.
George Gaynesford	John Middleton.
Christopher Conway	Robert Hall.

In the houses of several of the foregoing list of Anglo-Calaisian residents within the ramparts of the town, lodgings were appointed for the retinues of Henry VIII and Francis I, during their second interview within the English pale, in the year 1532.

The Staple Inn, Sir John Wallop's, the Lady Banastr's, Mr. Talbot's, Sir Richard Whetehyll's, and other mansions of the higher order, were likewise

billeted off by the Lord Chamberlain on the occasion; the ceremonial—if such it could be called—being then arranged by the Dukes of Norfolk and Montmorenci.

Contrasting with the splendour and etiquette observed on the memorable “Field of Cloth of Gold,” the meeting between the two kings on the Boulogne and Calais highway, resembled more the *rencontre* of two long-severed friends at the covert-side, than the solemn tryst of royalty.

For, viewing each other at the head of their respective cavalcades, the two monarchs simultaneously dashed their spurs into their coursers’ sides, and with a joyous exclamation, absolutely embraced without quitting their saddles.

Francis had slept at Marquise the preceding night, to be in readiness for the interview *en route*; and easily persuaded Henry to return with him to Boulogne, where he remained several days lodged in the abbot’s house. They then returned together to Calais, where the French king stayed a short time, having his “lodgings” at the Palace of the Staple; Henry, with his court, occupying the old château.

In addition to these vivific mementos of the past, as the actual “addresses” of the long since mouldered Calaisian emigrants appear to our own eye, when viewed in the type of to-day, it is recorded in the Harleian MSS., that the “Salamander” hostelrie,

kept by John Masters, as well as the "Three Heads," by Mistress Burton; together with the "Balance," and "Redde Cross," existed as houses of "entertainment for man and beast," in the town of Calais, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth.

The same document informs us, that "beyond Oey, on the way to Gravelines, on one of the two great farms, there dwelt a yeoman of the name of "Harrie Greenwood;" that the "George," at Gravelines, was kept by one Rickborne; and that at Hâmmes Castle, there dwelt a brewster, or brewer, of the name of John Hawll.

We are further told, that "two northern women kept victualling at Marck," the same being dispensed at Waeldame by Thomas Haines; that Sergeant Marian was sergeant of the haven at Calais; and that two brethren of the name of Vincent,—the one a cooper, the other a farmer,—dwelt at Guîsnes.

On the highway to St. Omers, lived John King; at Cowkirk, John Slayney; at Whitsand, John Brown, a fisherman; at Mount d'Or, one Archer, an Irishman; Laurence Mintner, an English soldier, dwelling at the same date, between Gravelines and Marck.

In the year 1532, there was evidently a greater number of tradesmen in Calais, dealing in articles of luxury and ornament, than exist at the present day. For, in the account of Henry VIII's expenditure at that date, extracted from the book of his privy purse,

by Sir Harris Nicolas, we find him dealing to a considerable extent with jewellers of the respective names of Symon Quandem, Alart Plumer, John de Grane, Latronet, and Jenyns. He also bought furs of William Osborne, together with a hat and plume for his trip to Boulogne. The king's swords were likewise dressed by the court cutler; and doublets made for the guard to wrestle in, before himself and Francis.

Bluff King Hal appears to have lost his money freely at play at Calais, there being several items of sums paid into his own hands, to liquidate his losses at dice; to Messieurs Domyngo and Palmer; the Lord Norfolk; Cardinal Larenno; Monsieur Guyse; and the Lady Pembroke.

Domyngo alone appears to have won £620 of his royal antagonist in the space of three years; and a "Maister Weston" to have drawn the sums of £67 13s. 4d., and £4 13s. 4d. of him for his gains at dice, on two occasions.

"Our Lady of the Rock, at Dover," as well as "our Lady of Boulogne," had offerings at Henry's hands in passing by their respective shrines, as we see by the entries in his book of expenditure.

The court "Fool," whose expenses are also entered, as well as the Master of the Hawks with his staff of falconers, accompanied Henry to Calais, and aided him to while away the weary hours that ever follow in the wake of premature satiety.

On Allhallowen Day, in the year 1532, the following knights were made at Calais :—

Sir Thomas Darcy, of Essex.

Sir Humphry Forster, of Barkshire.

Sir John Ackett, of Northampton.

Sir George Griffith, of Staffordshire.

Sir William Newman, of Northampton.

Sir Edward Aston, of Staffordshire.

Sir Thomas Palmer, "Capitayne of Newhemhambridge, having been dubbed by the king on the 10th of November, in the same year.





CHAPTER IV.

The Ancient Gibbet without the gates of Calais—Executions in the Market-place—Ann Boleyn beheaded by the headsman of Calais—Her sojourn in the Castle—Marriage of the Princess Mary—The Romance of History—The Garrison in 1533—Names on its Muster-roll—The Council at the same date—Quotation from the Chronicle of Calais.”



IMMEDIATELY beyond the defences of the town of Calais, at the period we are describing, on the left of the road towards Boulogne, the traveller shuddered as he passed the ghastly gibbet and wheel, both being seldom, if ever, unfurnished, as we are informed, by the mouldering remains of the traitor, the spy, or the robber.

Executions also took place occasionally within the town, as well as on the spot without the barriers, it being recorded in Turpyn's Chronicle, that on the 10th of April, 1540, a pair of gallows was erected in the market-place of Calais, whereon were hanged Sir William Peterson, late commissary of the place and marches; and Sir William Richardson, late the mayor's priest or chaplain.

These two men had been tried and found guilty of aiding and abetting in some popish conspiracy, and were condemned to be brought over to Calais, and

there to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, after the most approved manner of the day.

It seems the unfortunate gentlemen were drawn from the Watergate Street, through Castle Street, and so round to the market-place, where the frightful sentence was fully carried out, their heads and quarters having been affixed to the towers and gates of the town.

In the preceding year, namely, on the 10th of August, 1539, Sir John Butler, likewise Commissary of Calais and the marches, and son or step-son and heir to the Lady Banestre, mentioned in the list of householders, was arrested in company with Thomas Broke, chief clerk of the exchequer and "customar" of the port, and sent to the Fleet.

The crime of these persons was, it appears, also of a religious complexion; Butler, in addition to the same, having been indicted for using "intemperate language and misbehaviour" towards the Lord Deputy of Calais. William Butler, a relative of his, was one of the principal merchants of the Staple in the year 1540.

It was by the hands of the headsman of Calais that the fascinating and unfortunate Anna Boleyn was executed, within the Tower of London, on the 19th May, 1536: the odious wretch having been considered more expert at his loathsome calling, than any of his gory brethren at home. On this sad occasion, and for the first time in England, a sword was used in-

stead of the axe—a fact upon which all writers seem to be agreed; though they differ as to the exact words uttered by Anna Boleyn after she had mounted the scaffold.

She was habited in a robe of black damask, so formed, that the cape, which was white, fell off easily on the outer side, and left her fair neck and throat exposed to the swinging cut of the executioner.

The Captain of the Tower assisted the unhappy queen up the four or five steps that led to the ghastly platform; four of her ladies also accompanied her, bewailing bitterly, and shedding many tears, at the moment her head was stricken off.

The name of Anna Boleyn frequently occurs in the documents relating to Calais, to which we have access, and is in itself one of the saddest souvenirs in the annals of the town.

As “*Madamoyselle Boleyne*,” a young creature in her mere girlhood, she is recorded to have made one of the fair train of dames and demoiselles, who accompanied the Princess Mary, sister to Henry VIII, into France on the occasion of her marriage with Louis XII at Abbeville, on the 9th October, 1514.

The reception of the bride was conducted on a magnificent scale, as we know from the letters of Mary to her brother, dated Abbeville, October 12, printed in Ellis’s *Original Letters*. The coronation took place at St. Denis, on the 5th of November following, at which there was a series of justings and

feats of arms, attended by Charles Brandon, lately made Duke of Suffolk, who, with Sir Edward Neville, and Sir William Sidney, had landed at Calais on the 20th of October, disguised as palmers, that they might splinter a lance at the tournament in a state of incognito.

The three knights rode up to Paris from Calais, habited in "greye coates and whodes, becaus they would not be knowne," as Turpyn chronicles the circumstance.

The English princess and French queen, very shortly became a widow, and the wife of the Duke of Suffolk. For, on the last day of December, in the year she was married in, Louis died; and on the 25th of April, 1515, Mary, accompanied by Charles Brandon, came to Calais on her way to England, when they were married at Greenwich on the 13th of May of the same year. Some historical writers have stated that the marriage was solemnized at Calais, as well as at the former place, but the fact is not fully confirmed. *La reine blanche*, as it was customary to call the royal widows at that day, resided at the hôtel Cluny, in Paris, where, scarcely two months after the death of Louis, a secret marriage, there is little doubt, took place between herself and Brandon.

When crossing from Dover to France, to meet the former at Abbeville, but six months previously to her accepting the hand of the Duke of Suffolk, Mary encountered a severe tempest in the Channel, by

which ten out of the fourteen vessels of the fleet conveying her, were either stranded or dispersed. One of the largest, named the "Lübeck," of four decks, with five hundred soldiers and mariners, was totally wrecked near Sangatte, a little to the west of Calais, when not one hundred of the men were saved.

The young English princess, prior to her alliance with the French king, had been married by proxy to the Prince of Castile, the treaty having been concluded at Calais between the respective envoys of the two countries, on the 27th October, 1508, when "great solemnities and triumphs" were made.

This contract with the house of Burgundy, far as it had proceeded, was eventually broken, and the one with the French court effected in its stead. Thus were the feelings of Mary trifled with, and her person made the medium for political barter, when the King of Terrors proved her friend, and removed the obstacle to her union with the man she loved. This gossip of history, having all more or less reference to the spot, whose annals are our text, contains no scanty or common-place materials for a little of its romance.

The early loves of Charles Brandon and Mary; the ceremony of marriage between the young princess and the Duke of Burgoyne, "by attorney," as it was termed, the Lord Rivers having been the proxy of the prince—a wedding without a bridegroom! Then the tempest and terror of the bridal party proceeding to France; the gorgeous but heartless ceremony at

Abbeville; the tournament at St. Denis; the disguised English knights, their leader being the lover and future husband of the sacrificed, yet so miraculously liberated heroine; the secret marriage at the hôtel Cluny; the dalliance of the united pair when *en route* from Paris to the coast; the young widow, ostensibly, on her palfrey, with Brandon at her bridle-hand; the sojourn in the storm-girt castle at Calais; and, finally, the voyage to Dover and marriage at Greenwich.

In all these moving and adventurous scenes, Anna Boleyn was one of the most interesting of the romantic dramatis personæ: for she, together with “Mademoyselles Anne Jernyngham, Elisabeth Grey, Marie Dacres, and other sweet young demoiselles of the court and chamber, were appointed to remain in France with the Princess Mary.

On this occasion, it being her first and joyous outset in life, the imagination loves to picture the laughing maiden, with her fair hair and loving eye, tripping along the corridors or ramparts of the grim fortalice at Calais; or, peradventure, gazing pensively at the surging waters, that, for the first time, divided her from her home, and birds, and flowers, in the fair fields of Kent.

Again, we see her shrinking at the shock of arms, in the lists at Abbeville, and St. Denis; or, with her long lashes falling on her cheek, working tambour-stitch in the widowed queen’s bower in the hôtel

Cluny, the while the enthralled Brandon paid his courtly suit.

Pass a few short years, and Anna Boleyn, "in all the pride of power, in beauty's bloom," is once more at Calais, the momentary idol of the gross voluptuary who held his court there, and the envy of its courtiers and parasites. At this time, namely, on the 1st of September, 1532, she was created Marchioness of Pembroke, by Henry; her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, having been made Earl of Wiltshire on the same occasion.

We have been enabled to get at many details of court life at Calais, by means of the book of the privy purse of Henry VIII, and find Anna Boleyn receiving presents of grapes and other fruit from Anne de Montmorenci, Great Master of France and Knight of the Garter; in guerdon for which his serving-man was paid £2 7s. 8d.

The Countess of Pembroke also won of Henry fifteen shillings at cards—the money having been paid to her by his treasurer.

In January, 1533, she became Queen of England, and, as we have shown, in three short years after, fell a victim to the licentious roué whose lust she had survived; even the charms and graces of *her* person having failed to suffice for an appetite as gross as it was capricious!

The mutilated remains of Anna Boleyn were indelicately thrown into a chest of elm, made to contain

arrows, and buried within the blood-stained precincts of the Tower ; the royal murderer, her husband, marrying Jane Seymour the very next day.—The anathemas of history on his memory !

* * * * * * *

The garrison of Calais, in the year 1533, consisted of a regiment called *Le Vynteyne*, composed of some two hundred men, receiving £8 11s. 11*d.* per man per annum ; *le constabulerie*, the banner-watch, porters, sergeants, day watches, scourers, archers, and spears.

The *Vynteyne* was a regiment divided into companies, each of twenty men, and each commanded by a *Vintener*, and would seem, from the following extract from its muster-roll, to have had its ranks filled by men of birth and respectability, as may be gathered from such examples as : — “ Thomas Willoughbie, Thomas Howard, Rowland Stafford, Sampson Norton, John Calverley,” and others. Amongst the *Constabulerie* were enrolled “ Richard Pelham, Thomas Chayney, Philip Tylney, and Richard Turpyn,” to whom the Camden Society has expressed its thanks for his original ‘*Chronicle of Calais*,’ when compiling their own, during the reigns of Henry VII and VIII, equally as we tender our grateful acknowledgment to that learned and illustrious body, for the few threads of bullion, with which we have interwoven, and thereby, as we trust, enhanced our present homely woof.

In the “*Spears*,” of whom the garrison of Calais

was partially formed in 1533, were many men of good family, tending to prove the nature and estimation of the trust committed to them, as is evidenced from the muster-roll of the force, whereon is recorded the names of—

“ Edward Poynings,	Ralph Broke,
Richard Blount,	John Middleton,
Henry Palmer,	Francis Hastings,
John Rookewood,	Geoffrey Lovedaye,
Robert ap Reynolde,	Leonard Holland,
Richard Wynebank,	James Bourcier,”
&c.	&c. &c.

There were in “ Council ” at this day —

Arthur Plantagenet,	Lord Deputy.
Viscount de’Lisle	
Sir Richard Graynfielde .	High Marshal.
Sir Edward Ringley . .	Comptroller.
Sir Thomas Palmer . . .	Knight Porter.
Sir John Wallop	Lieutenant of the Castle.
William Sympson	Vice Marshal.
Sir George Carew	Lieutenant of Rysebank.
The Lord Gray	Lieutenant of Hâmmes.
The Lord Sandys	Lieutenant of Guîsnes.
William Baker, being master mason ;	John Burde,
master carpenter, and John Dossen,	master smith.

The spears in attendance on the Council were, at the same date, Richard Lee, Richard Carew, Richard Cole, and Thomas Massingberd. The sum total of

these persons salaries for the year amounted to £8117 11s. 9d.; the annual charge for victualling the garrison, in the year 1525, being stated at the sum of £674 16s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.

In the 'Chronicle of Calais,' published in 1846, a valuable work, most ably edited by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A., from MSS. in the British Museum, of whose careful research in behalf of the Camden Society we have just made honourable mention, are many curious, though to the modern reader, hermetically sealed pages, devoted to the "ordinances for the watch and ward of the town;" the following being a specimen of the style and orthography:—

:—"Ye or[dre of y^e. Searche Wac[che] in y^e. Est [and] West House [S] for ij gonnes to be laide in y^e. Lan[terne] [gate] y^e. herryng tyme."

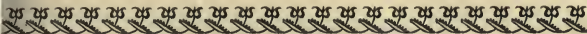
Whilst in a letter from Sir William Fitzwilliam, on the decay of Calais, given in the same volume, we have such passages as:—"How moche ar [we bounde] unto our gra[cioux] Souveraine Lord, that it pleaseth his Ma[jesty] to loke upon us!—The writer lucidly informing his correspondent, that, he:"—shall not omitte to doo [and] or[dre] oursellfes [and to] loke upon manie other matiers as y^e. tyme [shall] serve us to doo without taking of any passetie [me or] pleasur, as knoweth y^e. blessed Trinitie who have ye in his most [holy] tucion. At Callys, y^e. xxij daye of Auguste 1535."

Signed "Your hovne

"WYLLA. FITZ.WYLLA."


This quotation from the text of the only *modern* notice we have of Calais, esteemed as it doubtlessly is by the proficient in antiquarian type or caligraphy, may serve, as we would hope, to reconcile the unpractised reader to the familiar or chimney-corner strain, in which we have essayed to address him in our desultory efforts as its annalist.





CHAPTER V.

The first Captain of Calais under Edward III.—The succeeding Deputies—The Council of Calais—The “Last of the Barons”—The marriage of his daughter Sybil—His deputy, Vauclerk—Lord Berners—His Works and Will—The Lord Maltravers—Comptrollers and Treasurers of Calais—The Gates of Calais—*Espionage.*



HE first captain of Calais—or, probably, the commandant of its castle,—appointed by Edward III, according to Froissart, was a Lombard, of the name of Sir Amery, of Pavia, whom the English king had greatly advanced.

This man, it seems, plotted to sell the town to the French, after he had been entrusted with the important post for about a year and a half; though his treachery was discovered, and the captain of St. Omers entrapped through his agency,—a piece of double villainy, for which, it appears, he was eventually pardoned.

The second governor, or *custos regni* of the town and castle, was a Johannes de Chivereston; from whose day to the period when our domination terminated, the honourable appointment was vested

in the persons of sundry Scroopes, Zouchs, Warwicks, Ferrers, Stanleys, Devereux, Bellocampos, Somersets, De la Poles, Beauforts, Bardolfs, Hastings, Talbots, Howards, Plantagenets, Stourtons, Arundels, Berkeleys, De Lises, Cobhams, &c.; the mere names of whom bespeak the lineage and condition of the men to whose keeping Calais was confided.

In the reign of Henry VI, the Dukes of Buckingham, Gloucester, and Bedford, were severally captains-commandant of the place; and in 1511, according to Rymer, the following officers held it in their custody:—

“ Sir Gilbert Talbot, Lord Deputy.

Sir Richard Carew, Lieutenant of the Castle.

Sir William Meryng, Marshal.

Sir Hugh Conway, Treasurer.

Sir John Wiltshire, Comptroller.

Robert Wotton, Porter.

Walter Culpepper, Esq., Vice-marshal.

John Brettowelte, Secretary of the King there.”

In 1489, Sir Humphrey Talbot was marshal; in 1523, Sir Maurice Berkeley was lieutenant of the castle; at the time of the “Field of the Cloth of Gold,” Sir Edward Guilford was marshal; the last deputy, when Calais was retaken by the French, being the Lord Wentworth.

But amidst all this host of distinguished personages, to whom the custody of Calais was in turn intrusted, the name of Richard Neville, Earl of War-

wick, the "Last of the Barons," gleams on the musty archives of the place, as if written in uncials of fire!

After his decisive rupture with his sovereign, so exquisitely drawn by Bulwer, the "King Maker" retired to his post across the channel, where he maintained a state and retinue, a court in fact, little less regal and splendid than his liege lord and master at home.

But, in lieu of the reception he anticipated, Neville found himself repulsed and actually fired on by his own deputy, Vauclerk; his daughter, Sybil, wife of George, Duke of Clarence, being confined at the time in the vessel as she lay before the port.

The nuptials of the royal pair had been previously solemnized at Calais with great pomp and splendour, in defiance of Edward's will; the return of the great baron from his lieutenancy being as the invader of his native land.

Vauclerk greatly advanced himself by the part he took in the quarrel between Edward and Warwick, the command of Calais having been given him, besides a large sum of money to confirm him in his fidelity. Philippe de Commines was an envoy to the new deputy from the Duke of Burgundy, at that time at war with France, the ambassador and author being lodged at the *Hôtel d'Escalle*, or "Scales-house," then situated near the gate of the present citadel.

On the death of the Earl of Warwick, Edward appointed Anthony Woodville, the brother of his

queen, to the command of Calais; but the garrison refused to receive any other governor than the Lord Hastings, who was then nominated to the post.

In 1520, John Bouchier, Lord Berners, the well-known translator of Froissart and Marcus Aurelius, was appointed deputy of Calais. Here he amused his leisure hours by his literary employments, and by writing out "The Duties of the Inhabitants of Calais," as well as a comedy, entitled, "*Ite in Vineam*," asserted by Anthony à Wood to have been acted in the great church of Calais after vespers.

Lord Berners made his will at Calais, on the 3d of March, 1532, in the presence of Edmund, Lord Howard, Sir Edward Ringsley, knt., high marshal; Sir Edward Brindelyolyn, parish priest of the church of our Lady, and his own private chaplain, "the ghostly father, Sir William Petous."

Francis Hastings and Robert Rolf, recorder of Calais, were appointed executors to the will; the former having proved it on the 4th of February, 1533.

Henry, Lord Maltravers, afterwards Earl of Arundel, appears to have been one of the most energetic and efficient governors of the Anglo-Calaisian dependency. When Lord de Lisle was withdrawn from the government and committed to the Tower, in the year 1540, Maltravers succeeded him as deputy of Calais, where he exerted himself greatly in improving and disciplining the garrison, as well as in gaining intelligence of the plans and movements of the court

of France. His father dying on January 23d, 1543, he returned to England in great favour with the king, and shortly withdrew to his castle at Arundel, where he entertained his friends and neighbours with such magnificence the Christmas following, that for a long time after it was known by the name of "The Greate Christmas."

In the time of Edward IV, Richard Whetehill, esquire, and his son Adrian, were comptrollers of Calais. The former had an annuity of £40 levied from the custom of wool, and both had a grant of two windmills on the Castle-hill, besides the right of warrenry of conies in the lordships of Marck and Oye. Amongst the treasurers of Calais, we find the names of Sir John Turbrevyle, Sir Hugh Conway, Sir Richard Weston, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis.

The opening and shutting of the gates of Calais was considered a matter of the highest moment in the council of the place; the ordinances in reference to the same being stringently drawn out, and addressed to the proper officers appointed to the trust. Of these, there were a knight, or master porter, as well as a gentleman porter, with his staff of subordinates. The lord-deputy himself received the keys every night, and gave them to the night-porter at his "lodgings" in the morning, specifying the number of gates he appointed to be open for the day. This was done when the first watch-bell had tolled three times,

when the guard turned out into the market-place with fife and drum, and beat the reveillée.

During the time of dinner, which was an hour before noon, the gates were invariably closed, and the keys delivered to the deputy, by whom they were hidden in a place of security, only known to himself. The meal ended and work renewed, they were again opened with the same ceremony as in the morning; and at four o'clock P.M., were finally closed for the night.

In the herring time, the Lanthorn-gate only was permitted to be open, except by the special order of the king's deputy.

There were also strict orders in reference to strangers lodging in the town; the different keepers of hostelries and lodging-houses being sworn to report daily on the number and quality of their guests, a custom of the place, which the French, despite the lapse of four centuries, have deemed it proper to maintain. In the Anglo-Calaisian era, surrounded as the possession was by enemies, by sea and land, there may have been some reason for the precaution or *espionage* resorted to; but at the present day we cannot but think it "would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance."



CHAPTER VI.

The English Pale—A Chart of the same, A.D. 1460—Names of Roads, Farmsteads, and Villages in the English Era—Leland the Antiquary—Fort Nieulay—*Ducasses* in France—The English “Cross.”



THE English Pale, or Anglo-Calaisian colony, appears to have been defined by boundary, and to have had a sea-board of about eight leagues in extent; namely, from the immediate vicinity of Gravelines to Whitsand; whilst towards the interior, it stretched for some three leagues.

Within this space of country, a considerable population was located, it having been more numerous than at the present day, as was proved to us by an ancient chart, likewise in the possession of Monsieur de Rheims, of Calais.

This curious old document bears the date of 1460, and contains a minute specification of the roads, farmsteads, mills, quarries, and bulwarks, as they existed within the Pale at that early period.

The names laid down on the chart, as with the streets and burgesses of Calais, are strictly English; going far to prove how unequivocally and completely

the country was dominated, if not unnationalized, by our forefathers.

The following few examples, extracted from the original chart, as reviving the country holdings of our emigré ancestors, surrounded as they were by millions of a hostile people, we venture to hope may not prove unacceptable.

The main roads or highways, named on the ancient map of the Anglo-Calaisian colony, are called :—

“ English Street.”

“ Knight Street.”

“ Evelyn’s Waye.”

“ Old Calais Waye.”

“ Y^e waye from Marck to St. Peters.”

“ Whitsand waye from Calais.”

“ Y^e New main Bank.”

There being also “ a fote path from Hamsure to Caphirs,” with the villages of

“ Froyton, Causey, [now *La Chaussée* ;”]

“ Seynt Envelt ;” New Kirke ;”

“ Waddyngton ; Pyham ;”

“ Collam, now Cologne ;”

“ Ekelberg,” [Saxon], &c. &c.

To these are given the names of farmsteads quarries, &c., as—

“ Y^e Pasture of Perkyn Bride ;

“ Scales Dyke ;

“ Water Gang ;”

“ Crane Brook ;”

“ Buckharde ;”

“ Y^e Pasture of Waledame ;”

“ Wayle Mill ;”

“ Andern Bulwark ;” (with a drawing of same.)

“ Y^e Ruined Lazer House and Hospitale ;”

“ Fisnes Mill” (on the confines of the Pale.)

“ Chalke Pittes ;”

“ Y^e Quarries ;”

“ Calkwell Hill ;”

“ Red Chamber,” &c. &c. &c.

Many of the larger dwellings are rudely depicted on the old map, and appear rather as rustic fortalices, than farm-houses of our own time.

There are numerous “ bulwarks” also minutely if drolly limned on the same. These have the appearance somewhat of a Martello tower, and seem to have been placed so as to command the boundary, as well as the more exposed portions of the Pale.

Passing the fortress of Nieulay, or Newlandbridge, as the English called it, and the village of La Chaussée, we come to the hamlet of Pepeling, of which parish, Leland, the antiquary, was some time the rector.

Leland’s licence for his perpetual non-residence from his “ parsonage of Peppeling,” was dated 12th July, 1536, and is appended to his life.

Fort Nieulay—corrupted evidently from Nieullet—just mentioned, was a post of the greatest consequence during our possession of Calais and the marches ; and was confided to men of tried worth and capacity.

Amongst others, we find the names of Sir Robert Jerningham ; Sir Thomas Palmer — knighted by Henry VIII, when in France, A.D. 1532—and Nicholas Alexander, late secretary to Sir John Wallop, at the castle of Guîsnes, mentioned as “ Captains of Newnhambridge,” as it is written on the document alluding to the appointment.

This important position, commanded the only road across the “ marishes,” by which Calais was approached from the S. and S.W., and being possessed of sluice-gates to the sea, enabled its holders to flood the surrounding country at their will.

All is now in ruin, though a stroll over the grass-covered bastions will well repay the inquiring stranger.

Originally built in a vast morass, at a great amount of expense and labour, the fort is approached from the low cliffs and sandy hummocks, by which the curious old hamlet of Baraque is environed, by an embanked and tortuous footpath, that winds through the rich alluvial compost of loam, and marl, and sea-shell, teeming, at the time of our own visit, with heavy crops of wheat in ear, and beans in all their fragrance.

In the year 450-1, a single, heavy and deeply-moated tower, probably of Roman origin, stood on the present site of Nieulay.

In 1560, subsequently to our being dispossessed of Calais, the outer defences of this fort were augmented by the erection of several strong towers connected by

a wall; in 1627, the towers were demolished, and bastions built in their room; Louis XIV finally directing Vauban to lay down the plan of the present fortification, to include a large dock, or basin, for the joint purposes of admitting craft freighted with supplies from the channel, and the overflowing the country if invested.

This Vauban completed after two years labour in 1629. Within the fort, defended by deep moats, draw-bridges, and outworks to the entrance-gate, are the ruins of the arsenal, soldiers' barracks, kitchen, officers' quarters, and a chapel—now tenanted by the owl and vermin.

There is also a deep well of excellent water, and the singular dock alluded to, running completely through the fortress at a right angle, sufficiently large to contain a considerable amount of small craft, and regularly faced with stone.

The entrance to this "*bassin*," as it is yet called, as well as the outlet gates to the land side, were defended, when the sluice was open—in addition to the stout flood-gates of oak—by huge "wickets" of welded iron, running in grooves of granite, and raised and lowered by the means of a simple windlas, worked by a handspike.

The larger and centre gate worked upon hinges, and would admit a vessel of about fifteen feet in beam. These once massive portals are yet in their original position, though the iron is corroded, and in places

nearly eaten through by the tooth of time and the wintry blasts from the channel, whose surging waves, a very few years ago, washed the walls of the fortress, though they have since receded, and left a valuable addition to the agricultural resources of the country.

A creek, or estuary of the sea, whose bed may yet be seen close to fort Nieulay, formerly extended to St. Omers; a project being on foot, as I am given to understand, to drain it and the adjacent lands for farming purposes, by a company, who have purchased them on speculation.

In one of the ancient barrack-rooms of the fort we have described, a crazy and dim apartment, “without form and void,” a veteran moustache of the *Grand Armée* doubtlessly, has taken up his abode with his wife and daughters, wherein the wayfarer may refresh himself on a slice of brown bread and bowl of delicious buttermilk, and rest his limbs, if he so wills it.

A patch of garden, reclaimed from the falling ramparts, grows their potatoes, haricots, and the cabbage for their soup; and (a *sine quâ non* with the poorest cottager in France,) a rose or two for the girl’s bouquets, when they attend the *ducasse* at the close adjoining village of La Chaussée.

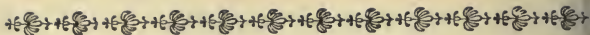
These *ducasses*, or village *fêtes*, are held in all the neighbouring little townships, and are extremely pleasant, gay, yet, in every sense, decorous, and even elegant reunions of the *bourgeois*, and labouring or lower classes. And, though perfect exemption from

inequality is understood to prevail at these assemblies, I am bound in justice to say, that nothing bordering on the least approach to offensive familiarity, or undue presumption, was ever exhibited to my notice when I had the pleasure, on several occasions, to assist at the *al fresco* scenes of gaiety.

We remember a *ducasse* at Guîsnes, whither we went in a waggon, fitted with seats, and covered with a white awning, full of bonny lasses and their swains, the former invariably attended by their somewhat forbidding, duenna-like dams, who keep incessant watch and ward over the "young folks,"—when we volted and laughed, and rattled away by the canal side for a couple of leagues; danced on the green by lamp and moonlight, and then returned, as we came, through the haze and dews of an early summer morning, to our den at Calais.

The English "cross" is unmistakeably evident in the Calaisians and *Bassevillians*. The light hair, clear complexion, white teeth, and "tidy" look, that the French girls possess hereaway in France, and were only, save as an exception to the rule, denote the long intercourse that has existed between the natives and our Saxon emigrés.

Their very manner is more English; the bonny damsels being less constrained, and more inclined to make and return a joke, than the majority of their outwardly frigid, and subduedly coquettish,—yet ever graceful countrywomen.



CHAPTER VII.

Richard Turpyn, the Chronicler of Calais—The arrival of Henry VII—English Nobles in Calais—The banquet at St. Peter's—The first landing of Henry VIII—The Siege and Capitulation of Therouëenne and Tournai.



RICHARD TURPYN, the chronicler of Calais, during the latter part of the fifteenth and commencement of the succeeding century, to whom we have already alluded, has bequeathed us some curious incidental information bearing upon our theme, namely the “annals and legends” of the town, wherein he resided as burgess.

The orthography and general style of his diary render the perusal—save to professed antiquarians—a matter of labour, rather than gratification, though put into intelligible phrase, the interesting detail so quaintly entered in it, can scarcely fail to be attractive.

Turpyn was of a respectable family in Northumberland, the son of William Turpyn, who died possessed of the manor of Knaptoft, in Leicestershire on September 1, 1523, through the marriage of the latter's father with the heiress of the Gobians and Paynells, and appears to have settled at Calais as an adventurer or colonist.

There was also another Richard Turpyn, who was clerk of the victuals at the time of the surrender of Calais, in 1558, as well as a pursuivant of the College of Arms. He lost considerably by the recapture of the place, and petitioned the Duke of Norfolk for compensation, referring to services at Havre-de-Grace, and other places in Normandy, when serving as Bluemantle herald under his grace, in 1562.

This man was son of Richard Turpyn, burgess of Calais, gentleman, by Margaret, daughter of John de Mount, of Guîsnes. He died 17th October, 1581. The compiler of the Chronicle died in 1541-5, and was buried in the church of St. Nicholas, at Calais, long since razed to the ground.

The first matter entered in Turpyn's Diary, having reference to our subject, is the account of the landing of Henry VII, at Calais, on the 2d of October, 1492. On the 19th, he marched with his army on Boulogne, having been joined on the second night by the Earl of Oxenforde, commander-in-chief of the van division, accompanied by the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Suffolk, and Essex, together with the Lords Gray, Powis, Strange, Hastings, Audley, Latimer, and Dudley, with other knights and esquires. After bombarding the town of Ardres, Oxenforde met Henry at Margyson or Marquise, the united forces being led the day following to the siege of Boulogne.

After a very short investment of the place, the French king despatched Philip de Crevecœur, marshal

of France, and captain-general of Artois and Picardy, to sue for peace at the hands of the English monarch. Terms were concluded, upon the condition that Henry should receive from France the sum of three thousand crowns per annum during his life; when he broke up the siege, and returned to Calais on the 12th of November, sailing to Dover on the 27th of the same month.

Henry VII, accompanied by his Queen Elizabeth; the Bishop of London (Thomas Savage); the Lords Dacres, Zouch, Dawbeny, Burgaveny, as well as the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earls of Surrey and Essex, returned to Calais on the 8th of May, 1500. Closely following him came Sir Edmond de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, with an immense retinue of esquires, gentlemen, and yeomen; the Bishop of Durham (Richard Fox), Sir John Darrell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, the Lord Harrington, Sir Walter Hungerford, Sir Thomas Digby, Sir Ralph Verney, the Earl of Ormond, and Sir John Risley.

Early in June of the same year, the Earl of Northumberland, the Lord Montjoy, the Lord William of Devonshire, Sir John Wyngfelde, and their retinues, also landed at Calais, to assist at a magnificent banquet given by Henry, to the Duke of Burgundy, the Arch-Duke Philip, at St. Peters, now St. Pierre, just without the gates of Calais.

The names of these personages are given, to assist the reader in forming his notion of the state of this,

at present, triste and unimportant frontier town, three hundred and fifty years ago, as well as to give us an idea of the extent of accommodation required at their hands, which nothing but numbers, real names and dates, can effectually do. And even with this authentic data before us, it appears surprising how the host of nobility, with their numerous retainers, should have been adequately lodged within the walls of Calais, on viewing the existing proportions of the town. That they must have been considerably more extensive during the English occupation, there can be little doubt, as we have previously asserted.

At the banquet in question, the fine old parish church at St. Peter's—of which the square Norman tower, dappled and venerable in its aspect, is the principal feature remaining intact—was partitioned off into various offices, richly hung with arras and cloth of gold. Our "Lady's Chapel" was set apart for the archduke's chamber; the walls being hung with arras representing the story of Assuerus and Esther, and the floor laid with carpets strewed with roses, lavender, and other sweet herbs.

Another compartment of the church was hung with tapestry, representing the siege of Troy; the walls of the choir being covered with blue cloth, emblazoned with *fleurs-de-luce*. The vestry was hung with red arsenet, "most richly beseen," whilst the belfry was ordained for the offices of the pantry, confectionery, and cellar. There "lacked neither venison, cream,

spice-cakes, strawberries, or wafers," as the chronicler expresses it; an English fat ox was "poudered and lested;" an immense number of young kids and venison pasties were consumed, besides great "plenty of divers sorts of wine, and two hogsheads of hippocrass." Seven horse-loads of cherries were eaten besides "pypyns, grengenges, and other sugardys." The plenty was such, that the guests and their retainers could not consume all the viands the first day, wherefore, the king ordered a second feast for the peasants, on the one following.

In one of the largest chambers partitioned off in the church of St. Pierre, Henry and his queen entertained Philip at dinner; the party eating off gold and silver vessels of goodlie fashion, and pledging each other in "cuppes and flagons of golde, garnysed with perculles, rosys, and white hearts, in gemmes."

The Duke of Buckingham made his appearance on the ground, habited in a rich gown of cloth of gold, his courser being trapped with housings of the same, ornamented with little bells of silver gilt. The Earls of Northumberland and Suffolk appeared with hats plumed with ostrich feathers, and garnished with chains of gold, their chargers being harnessed with leather housings. After dinner the archduke "daunced with the English ladyes;" and then, after taking leave of the king and queen, rode the same evening to Gravelines.

On the 16th of March, 1506, Edmond de la Pole, the attainted Earl of Suffolk, was captured in Burgundy, whither he had flown for protection, and brought into Calais. Sir Thomas Wyat and Sir John Wiltshire, knight, and comptroller of the town and marches, received and conveyed the prisoner to the Tower of London, where he was beheaded in April, 1513.

The Marquess of Dorset and Lord William of Devonshire, who had been long prisoners in the Tower, by reason of their relationship to the family of the late Queen Elizabeth, were brought to Calais in the custody of Sir Richard Carew, knight, and confined in the castle on the 27th of October, 1568. The death of Henry VII alone saved the lives of these noblemen, it having been contemplated but just previously, to put them to death in that fortress.

De la Pole's only crime was, the fact of his being cousin to Elizabeth; Henry's natural jealousy of the blood of the house of York having been renewed with increased rancour at her decease.

To vary these mementos of alternate warfare, banquetting, and tyranny, entered in the Diary of our chronicler, we find a miraculous notice of a "swarm of white butterflies, that on the 9th of July, 1508, came from the north-east, and flew south-eastwards as thick as flakes of snow, so that men in St. Peter's field, without the gates of Calais, could not see the town

at four o'clock in the afternoon, they flew so high and so thick."

On the 24th of August on the following year, a great swarm of bees, settled on the ball under the weathercock of St. Nicholas Church steeple, and remained several hours.

Henry VIII first landed at Calais on the last day of June, 1513, accompanied by the Bishops of Winchester and Durham, the Earl of Essex, Viscount de Lisle, the Lords Willoughbie, Broke, Fitzwarren, and Burgaveny, Sirs Edward Poynings, William Sidney, Henry Marny, John Fortescue, Edward Cobham, Adrian Wyndsor, Griffith Don, William Vaumpage, Anthony Outred, with many other knights and esquires.

Ambassadors from Maximilian, then emperor, as well as from the Lady Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, came to Calais, accredited to the English court there.

On the 21st of July, Henry marched upon Teroüane, or Theroüenne, which town was delivered up to him on the 23d of August following. The garrison quitted the place honourably, with "horse and harness," to the number of 4000 men of war, whereof 600 were well horsed and appointed.

Maximilian was a paid auxiliary to the English king on this occasion; "wages" having been paid him by the paymaster to the forces.

The French did their utmost to raise the siege of

Teroüane, but were unsuccessful; Henry having engaged and dispersed the army they sent against him in his trenches; his prisoners, amongst others, being the Duc de Longville, the Prince of Naverne, Monsieur Clermonde, Admiral of France, and Monsieur Delafer.

The ancient city of Teroüane, as it is named by the earlier chroniclers, is mentioned in the Commentaries of Cæsar, and belonged to the dukedom of Burgundy, until taken by Louis XI, after the death of Charles the Hardy, in 1477.

The town had frequently suffered from assault and capture at the hands of the English, prior to its bombardment, and all but destruction, by Henry VIII.

Andre de Montalambert, the governor of the place, aided by Francis de Montmorenci, son of the Constable, and the *Seigneurs* Dampiere, Pienne, de Baudiné, Rochepose, Losse, and other brave volunteers, did a gallant devoir in defence of Teroüane; the first-named having been killed, and several of the others severely wounded; but without avail, for the town was taken, and, we regret to say, given up to sack and pillage after the departure of the garrison.

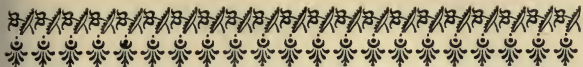
Bernard, in his *Annales de Calais, et du Pays Reconquis*, published at St. Omer's in 1715, says that "the Cathedral church of Nôtre Dame commenced in the year 260, and completed by Clothaire III, King of France, in 664, and one of the most ancient and magnificent structures in the Pays-Bas, together

with the famous monastery of St. Benoît, were levelled to the ground at the capture and sack of Teroüane.

“ When King Henry had don his pleasure in y^e towne of Terwyne,” as Turpyn continues, “ he cam before y^e citie of Turney with his hoste, and bet downe its towrs and gates, as well as y^e walles in dyvars places.”

This latter place capitulated on the 21st of September, when Sir Edward Poynnyngs, with a garrison of 4000 men, was left in command ; there also being a marshal, comptroller and master porter appointed. On this occasion, Henry dubbed many young knights on the field ; on the 19th October he returned with his army to Calais, and after a couple of days’ rest at the castle, took shipping and sailed to Dover.





CHAPTER VIII.

The early Seigneurs of Calais—Genealogy of the Counts de Guîsnes and Boulogne—Their alliances and armorial bearings—Calais fortified by Philip, A.D. 1224.



LANCING for an instant at the remote history of Calais, we find it respectively subject to the Counts of Boulogne, Flanders, and Guîsnes; the chiefs of these ancient and potent houses having been in their turn its seigneurs and hereditary governors, under the crown of France. Leogedarius, or Leger, living about the year 450, in the reign of Merrouée, a descendant in a direct line from Grallo, King of Little Britain, was the “Premier Compte de Boulogne;” being so styled on his tomb, in the monastery of St. Benoist, at Ponthieu, in Picardie, and is the first suzerain of Calais of whom we have authentic record.

Malbrancq, a celebrated genealogist, has left a lengthy memoir of the house of Boulogne, from the time of Leger, running through several centuries, during which period, sundry “Roulfs, Vilmer, Didiers, Othoüels, Fromonds, Godefroys, and Roberts,”—one surnamed the “Martial,” became severally Counts of Boulogne, and Seigneurs of Calais.

Vilmer had a son called Vulmer, who was canon-

ized. He founded and gave his name to the abbey at Samer.

The counts of Flanders succeeded those of Boulogne, as lords or suzerains of Calais and the Marches, in the year 879; the Danes, the scourge of Europe, having frequently ravaged the coast and adjacent country of France during their dynasty.

From the Flemish potentates, the dependency of Calais became vested in the Counts de Guîsnes; Sifrid, so named by Duchêsne, or Fiscord by Ondeghert, and supposed to have been of the blood-royal of Denmark, being the first chief of the house of Guîsnes and the ruler of the town and adjacent baronies: though he in turn paid tribute to the religious order of St. Bertin, whose monastery was situated at St. Omers, for all the manors of which he was lord or *châtelain*.

History is somewhat confused in its statements regarding the succession of Calais from the custody of the Counts de Guîsnes, to the reinstalment of the house of Boulogne. The two families appear to have frequently intermarried, and to have been the alternate seigneurs of the town, up to the thirteenth century; Philip, count of Boulogne, having greatly repaired its fortifications, and built the castle and present hôtel de ville in the year 1224.

The main defence to the port, previous to this era, was the ancient tower and fort of Risban or Rysebank, situated at the entrance to the harbour, the tradition being, that it was raised by the Roman emperor, Caligula.

In the old memorials of Calais it is always called the "Tower of Caligula," the name Risban being derived, as it is believed, from the Teutonic.

In the genealogical memoir of the Counts de Guîsnes and Boulogne, left us by Malbrancq, Duchêsne, and other ancient scribes, there is much to interest the amateur in local and monumental lore.

The intermarriages, interments, and exploits of the two families are minutely detailed through a series of many generations.

Eustache, Count of Boulogne, accompanied William the Conqueror in his invasion of England, though he returned to his own country, and was buried in the Abbey of Samer.

Eustache left a widow, the Countess Ida, and three sons ; namely, Godefroy, Baudoin, and Eustache.

Godefroy, the elder of these, has generally been styled by historians, as "De Bouillon," though, as heir to his father, "Godefroy, Count of Boulogne" was his proper title.

This chivalrous Gaul—the mere name of whom stands out on the page of history as a suit of mail in an armoury—accompanied by Foulke de Guîsnes, Vimier de Boulogne, Arnoult of Ardres, Hugo de Falconburgh, and a great number of French knights, proceeded to the Holy Land, where he was declared general-in-chief of the Christian army—a mighty host of 300,000 combatants. Godefroy took the city of Nice, defeated the Sultan Soliman in battle, and

was crowned King of Jerusalem, where he reigned, assisted by his two brothers, Eustache and Baudoin. But he was not long permitted to enjoy the fruit of his conquests, his death—a matter of darkness and mystery—having occurred but one year after his coronation.

Previously to departing for the Holy Land, Godefroy of Boulogne founded and endowed the abbey of St. Vulmer, at Boulogne, in the year 1097; he likewise bestowed considerable grants to other religious houses; and received the Archbishop of Canterbury (St. Anselme), who was expelled from England at that time, and conducted him to the monastery of St. Bertin.

Baudoin succeeded Godefroy as Count of Boulogne, and Seigneur of Calais; his mother, the Countess Ida, governing the seignory during his absence at Jerusalem, where he was crowned king on the death of his elder brother.

Baudoin reigned in the Holy Land until the year 1118, and then returned to France.

Eustache, the third son of the Countess Ida, on his return from Palestine, espoused Marie, the daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and Margaret, daughter of the King of England, canonized by Pope Innocent IV, in the fête of the 16th of June. They left issue one son, also called Eustache, and one daughter of the name of Machilde.

The Countess Ida, greatly esteemed for her many

virtues, after acting for her son as governor of Calais, as we have before stated, died at Boulogne, on the 13th of April, 1122, aged seventy-three years.

The abbeyes of Andre, Guîsnes, and Beaulieu, were likewise founded by members of the houses of Guîsnes and Boulogne; a Count Baudoin, in whose person the two titles had merged, having been buried in the first-named monastery in the eleventh century. The first lady abbess of Guîsnes was also a daughter in the family, styled "The Dame Lorraine."

The Count Robert, also named Manasses, married Emma, the widow of the English seigneur Tancarville, about the year 1100; their daughter, Sibille, was espoused by Henry Châtelain de Bourbourg, the daughter and heiress to these last being married to an Englishman, surnamed "Albert the Wild Boar."

Baudoin, the second Count of Guîsnes and Boulogne of that name, was made a chevalier in 1172, by "Saint Thomas of Canterbury," and married Chrestienne, daughter and heiress of Arnoult, Seigneur of Ardres and Marck. He considerably augmented the château of Guîsnes, and erected in the marshes of Sangatte, near Calais, a strong castle with a high tower and deep moats; and this, in spite of all the resistance offered by the hostile neighbourhood.

The baronies and possessions of the Counts of Guîsnes and Boulogne extended over a great portion of Artois and Picardie; their power and sway being

little less despotic than the rule of an absolute sovereign.

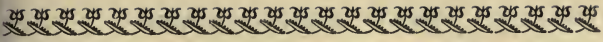
The names of the families with whom these two powerful houses made alliances, include those of "De Courcy and Lorraine; the Counts d'Eu; and the house of Savoy; the Seigneurs de Fienne, D'Amiens, D'Ags, De Tingry, and Montmorenci."

The blood and honours of the illustrious house of Guîsnes, eventually merged in that of the scarcely less ancient and noble one of De Courcy; the arms of the representative of the latter family being, "Escartelé, first and fourthly; *Vairé d'Or and Azure*, for Guîsnes; and secondly and thirdly; *fassé de vair and gules, of six pieces*, for De Courcy.

In 1224, Philip, King of France, directed that the fortifications of Calais should be greatly increased, the close vicinity to England being deemed a valid reason for their augmentation.

Deep *fossés* were consequently dug, and high walls erected, completely circumvallating the town; so effectually indeed, as to give Edward III and his powerful army a twelvemonth's incessant occupation as besiegers, ere they were able to reduce it, as we have shown at the commencement of the present volume.





CHAPTER IX.

Cardinal Wolsey at Calais—His expenses there—Knights dubbed by the Duke of Suffolk—The reception of the Lady Anna of Cleves.



AMONGST the personages of mark, who, in days of yore, have sojourned at Calais, none displayed more pomp, or was excelled in the number and quality of his retinue, than the gorgeous priest, Cardinal Wolsey.

On July 11th, 1527, Wolsey landed at Calais, attended by the Earl of Derby, the Bishops of London and Dublin; the Lords Monteagle and Harredew; Sir Henry Griffith, K.G., comptroller of the king's household; together with a staff of knights, secretaries, physicians, gentlemen ushers, officers of his household, gentlemen of the chapel, and other retainers; the number of whom may be imagined, when it is stated that it required 900 horses for the legate's train only.

With the cardinal came the Pope's Nuncios, and the French king's ambassadors; the captain of Boulogne, Monsieur de Bayes, also arriving with "a goodlie companie," to welcome him.

On the 27th of July, Wolsey rode to Boulogne to meet the French king, having been met at Sanding-

field by the Cardinal Lorraine, with a retinue of 1000 horsemen, who conducted him with many congratulations into the presence of Francis, where rich presents and pageantry awaited him.

After remaining a couple of months in Calais and the neighbourhood, where he held many conferences with the abbots and bishops of France, Wolsey crossed the channel for Dover on the 24th of September, 1527.

We have a curious account of a previous visit of Cardinal Wolsey to Calais, in 1521, with a statement of his expenses, amounting to £2386 14s. 6¼d. Three pages are devoted to the entries for "ale and beare," the total being, £204 19s. 3d.; in "wyn" about a hundred was expended. The sum entered for "beffes and muttons," is £246 3s. 2d.; for "lynges, coddess, and other salt fyschys, bought of Basdeyn and other fyschmongers," £12 8s. was paid. The "sault, saucys, pultrye, ewrye, and foreyn charges," came to £211 14s. 10d. The "veeleys and lambys, rusches, woode, and coole," and "weet" (wheat), to £331 6s. 11d.; the residue being expended in "burd wages for gromes and yomen," rewardes, redde cloths, velwettes, scarlettes, milleyne bonnettes, and the transport of the great standard to the church at St. Pierre.

A retinue of fifty gentlemen, whose names are given in the Harleian MS., accompanied Wolsey to Calais on this occasion.

The following knights were dubbed on the field at a town called Roye, in France, by the Duke of Suffolk, the king's lieutenant, on Alhallowen day, A.D. 1523.

The Lord Herbert, son and heir of the Earl of Worcester,

The Lord Powis,

Sir Arthur Pole, brother to Lord Montague,

Sir Oliver Manners, brother to Lord Roos,

Sir Thomas Wentworth,

Sir Richard Corbett,

Sir William Stourton,

Sir Richard Sandes,

Sir Edmond Beningfield,

Sir Edward Seymour,

Sir George Warham,

Sir Walter Mantell,

Sir Robert Jerningham.

The Duke of Suffolk also knighted Sir John Dudley and Sir Robert Utreight, on the river of Some; Sir William Penington, and Sir Bartholomew Tate, having been likewise dubbed by him at Valenciennes, on the 3d day of December in the same year.

* * * * *

When the Lady Anna of Cleves entered Calais from Dusseldorf, on her way to England, to form a marriage with Henry VIII, on the 11th December, 1539, the preparations for her reception were made on a magnificent scale; the Harleian and Cottonian MSS. being rich in interesting details.

The Lord-deputy of Calais, Viscount de Lisle, accompanied by the Earl of Southampton, Great Admiral of England, and a gay and numerous retinue, met the fair affianced near to Gravelines, and escorted her into the town, by way of St. Pierre.

The Lord High Admiral of the realm had come expressly to take command of the ship destined to convey the bride of Henry, and made a distinguished figure in the cortège on the day of her arrival at Calais.

For he was appareled in a coat of purple velvet, cut on cloth of gold, and tied with aiguillettes and trefoils of gold to the number of four hundred. Baldric-wise, he wore a chain of strange fashion, to which was suspended a whistle of gold set with precious stones of great value. The admiral's train consisted of thirty gentlemen of the king's household, appareled with massive chains; those of Sir Francis Bryan and Sir Thomas Seymour being especially rare and costly. Besides these he had a great number of gentlemen of his own suite, in blue velvet and crimson satin, as well as the mariners of his ship, in satin of Bruges, both coats and slops of the same colour—his yeomen being clad in blue damask.

With a low obeisance the Lord High Admiral welcomed the Lady Anna, and conducted her into Calais by the Lanterne-gate, and thence to her lodgings, at a place of the king's, called the "Chekers."

She was presented by the merchants of the Staple

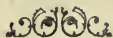
with a hundred broad pieces in gold, in a rich purse, as she passed their hall, for which she heartily thanked them.

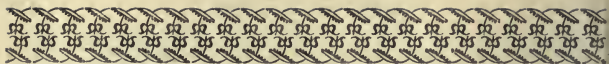
The fleet in the harbour, including the "Lion" and "Sweepstakes," were dressed with banners in silk and gold, and saluted with their united broadsides, when the princess entered the town. Here she remained for fifteen days, by reason of the foul wind, during which time, in order to afford her recreation, jousts and banquets were got up by the authorities.

The train appointed to attend upon the Lady Anna of Cleves was composed of 263 persons, including the Earls of Oversteyn and Roussenbergh, with their "gentlemen, ladies, pages, officers and servants."

Our aim and hope, in being thus explicit in the account of "arrivals" of the great folks of yore, at Calais, is to revive and pass before the reader's eye the street scenes and *dramatis personæ* taking part in them as they were, some three or four centuries ago, in that now anything but gay and *apparently* uninteresting old town.

In our next chapter we propose to take a glimpse at its present features and remains.





CHAPTER X.

The Pier of Calais—The “Pros and Cons” of the place—The Hôte
Dessin—Sterne’s Chamber—The Parish Church of Nôtre Dame
—The Church dedicated to St. Nicholas.



THE most attractive feature to Calais at the present day, if, indeed, it has aught else to boast of, beyond the undying associations at which we have glanced in our foregoing attempt at historical and archæological gossip, is, without doubt, the truly magnificent pier.

This unrivalled jetty—a work of much credit to French engineering, extends fully a mile into the sea, and is ever a refreshing, health-inspiring promenade for the Calaisians.

Planked with an elastic flooring, perfectly clean in all weathers, and of ready access from the town, this breezy, pleasant resort is alone a vast recommendation to the place; and, to our own fancy, not being able to unite the twain, would not be compensated for through the exchange with the most picturesque bit of inland scenery.

The rolling tide, ever at the extreme end of the pier, green and clear as liquid emerald, crashes and surges, or washes softly through the well-secured

beams and timbers of the jetty, as you tread high above the deep water, and inhale the breath of the ocean.

A fleet of fishermen are spreading their lug-sails to the summer's gale. The French mail, the "*Faun*," the "*Biche*," or the "*Daim*," are in the offing, and may momentarily be expected with their living freight of tourists at the quay side.

The "Queen of the Belgians," the "Princess Maude," or "Lord Warden," are hoisting their ensigns, and ringing their bells for departure.

The magnificent cutters, the "Talisman," and "Stormfinch," of the Royal Yacht squadron, with over a thousand yards of canvas in their main-sails, are beating into the harbour.

A Swede and Norwegian are furling their topsails and lessening their way, as they surge past you to the port.

The blocks rattle in the rigging, and the pauls of the capstan click in lively accompaniment to the hearty voice of the crew.

There is ever variety by the sea-side, which your glen or mountain, pasture or silent lake—all lovely as they are—do not possess, and in few spots do the scenes shift more rapidly than on the splendid pier of Calais.

The white cliffs of England may frequently be traced in shadowy outline from the extremity of the jetty, whilst on a clear evening the lights gleaming from our coast are distinctly visible.

And when the shades of eve succeed the lingering, fitful twilight, and fall on cliff, and sea, and pier, alike, the towering *Phare* of Calais sheds its beacon rays on the darkened scene, and relieves it from its gloom.

As a place of residence, Calais, naturally, as with most others, has its "pros and cons," its advantages and disagreeables. The ever fresh and saline breath of the sea sweeps the town too efficiently to permit its becoming unhealthy ; and thus, in part, serves bountifully to neutralize the foul odours arising from the stagnant, utterly useless *fossés*, increased, as they cannot fail to be, by the absence of everything like drain or sewerage that, to the disgrace of the municipality, prevails.

The sandy strata on which the town is built secures it, even after the heaviest rain, from everything but a momentary inconvenience from dirt or dampness ; though in dry and windy weather, the very source of this great advantage, becomes one of extreme annoyance, through the incessant clouds of sand and dust that riot through the air.

The markets, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, especially on the latter-mentioned day, are amply supplied with fruit, poultry, game when in season, fish, and butcher's meat, all of excellent quality, and at comparatively moderate prices ; though these have been enhanced, as I am informed, within the last ten years, fully thirty per cent., and are considerably in advance

of many parts of Normandy and Brittany. The delicious "John Dory" is met with here in abundance and perfection. The water is the worst element in the economy of the place, there being none but that from the brackish reservoir, or cistern, or the supply from the clouds which, when filtered, is the least objectionable, for the inhabitants to drink; and in times of great drought, even these sources fail, when the greatest essential to domestic life becomes an article of luxury through the cost and difficulty in acquiring it.

To remedy this great drawback, or, in truth, any other disadvantageous feature, there is not a particle of municipal or native spirit, or the slightest inclination to interfere, if the call of a single franc is personally requisite to further the undertaking.

With a very moderate outlay in taste and capital, a bathing establishment, as at Frescati at Havre, calculated to entice the Parisians and English, and thereby materially to benefit Calais, might readily be set on foot to the eastward of the *Quai Marrée*, in lieu of the distant, unpleasantly situated spot as at present selected for it.

The ramparts likewise—now completely useless as defences—might be greatly improved and formed into pleasant promenades, a vast desideratum to the natives or residents of a town, to whom everything like a shady lane or country walk is denied, by reason of the flat and exposed nature of the scenery surrounding it on all hands.

There are many very excellent hotels in Calais. The "Hôtel Dessin," where "Sterne's room," is still shown, despite the scepticism of the learned in dates, is perhaps the most perfect example of a *château*-like hostelrie, embosomed in flowers, foliage and tranquillity, ever encountered in the midst of a town—especially in one of equal importance with Calais, there being certainly nothing to compare with its general *ensemble* in either London or Paris.

The garden and shrubbery, as well as the courtyard to the hotel, ornamented by beautiful acacias, geraniums fully nine feet in height, and every other exotic, are excessively tasty in their arrangements; whilst the house itself, clad with the vine, the climbing rose and jasmine, resembles more the ancient *château* of the de Courcis or Montmorencis, than an inn; so quaint, yet imposing, are its extensive fronts and aristocratic features.

Laurence Sterne, whose name bids fair to survive the memories of all the mailed heroes who have honoured Calais with their presence, since the days of Pharamond—sojourned at Dessin's in the year 1762; and, as it is believed, wrote some part of his "Sentimental Journey" in his lodging-room at the hotel. And though the "*Remise*" of his day may have been removed, and the chamber shown as his, have been built a couple of years after his decease, yet the spirit of the author of "Tristram Shandy" hovers in the corridor of the house, as you *fancy* you are following

in his footsteps; flits about the festooned casement to your dormitory, and more hallows the hostelry of Monsieur Dessin, than do all the chronicled arrivals and sojourns of a host of "Regents, Dauphins, Field-marshals and Hidalgos," of their fleeting and evanescent hour!

* * * * *

The most objectionable feature in the town of Calais is the fact of there being but one outlet from it to the not particularly pleasing country, bordering the *Basse ville* and St. Pierre; a circumstance, anything but gratifying to the pedestrian, to whom incessant sameness, added to a villanous pavement, are at all distasteful. The apartments are far from being good; the *escaliers* in particular being universally dark, narrow, and execrable: though within the ramparts, much remains to interest the inquiring stranger.

The grand old church of Nôtre Dame, grey and venerable in its marked Anglo-Norman features, and erected by the English, or, as some antiquaries assert, augmented by them, when we quartered the *Fleur-de-lis*, is the most striking object in the *coup-d'œil* of Calais.

In this church, dedicated to the Virgin, and built in the form of a cross, its composition being a nave and four aisles—two in the same direction as the nave, from west to east, and two shorter ones, at right angles with these—are several subjects well worthy of observation.

The grand altar is a well executed piece of workmanship, and was built in 1628, with Carrara marble wrecked on the coast, during its transit from Genoa to Antwerp. It contains eighteen figures—the two standing on either side of the altar-piece—representing St. Louis and Charlemagne.

The organ—of a deep and mellow tone, and highly ornamented by figures in relief—was built at Canterbury, probably a century and a half ago. The pulpit and reading-desk, richly sculptured in oak, is another well-executed piece of ecclesiastical workmanship from St. Omers.

Besides these, are one or two really fine paintings that are deservedly esteemed.

The altar-piece, the Assumption, is generally attributed to Vandyk, though in reality it is by Van Sulden; whilst the painting over the side altar is said, and generally allowed to be, by Reubens.

The chancel, or chapel of the Virgin, at the eastern extremity of this church, is peculiarly graceful in its outlines, and was built in the year 1631.

A high and strongly-built wall, partaking more of the fortress than a cathedral in its aspect, flanks the building, and protects it from the street where formerly ran the old river, in its course through Calais to the sea. At an earlier period the main door was evidently at the side, now walled in from the public thoroughfare.

Beheld from the sea or land the old pile of

Nôtre Dame looms reverently and picturesquely to the eye. The square, massive Norman tower, relieved by its three-arched belfry windows on each face, surmounted by corner turrets, and a conically-shaped tower of octagon proportions, topped again by a short steeple, serve to give the venerable edifice a singularly quaint and impressive mien, as the mariner in the offing sights the well-known landmark, or the wanderer of the plain first views it on the horizon.

She had formerly, too, an elder and more stately sister, in the beautiful temple dedicated to St. Nicholas, and situated in the western quarter of the town of Calais. Though neither her beauty, nor her holiness, nor yet the profusion of rare sculpture, with which she was adorned, could save her from destruction when the question of—"Bastion, or Cathedral?" "Arsenal, or *God's House*?"—was mooted during the scourging era of our international strife.

For, in 1561, this magnificent old church was levelled to the ground; her altars were broken, and her relics dispersed, no one can say whither; in order that the line of fortification commenced at the time, might not be interfered with.

And now, on that once consecrated spot, where the high-priest stood, and the pealing organ, and the voice of praise and incense rose, is heard the ringing tread of armed men, the startling *reveillée*, or the stormier music of the drum.



CHAPTER XI.

The Marriage of Richard II and Isabella of Valois—Fresco Paintings destroyed in the Church of Nôtre Dame—The love of the French—The ancient *Hôtel de Ville*, and Watch Tower at Calais.



WITHIN the church of St. Nicholas, the nuptials of Richard II of England, and Isabella of Valois, were solemnized by the archbishop of Canterbury, on All Saints' Day, 1396, the juvenile bride being in her ninth, and his majesty in his thirtieth year. Froissart describes Richard as being "the handsomest monarch in the world;" and gives a graphic account of the splendid banquet, served on gold and silver plate, provided on the occasion of his marriage at Calais, by the Duchess of Burgundy.

Two days after the wedding, the royal pair set sail for their own dominions, and arrived at Dover within three hours, according to the same authority, an almost incredible short space of time, as it may be well deemed at that early period of navigation.

Some few years ago, when under the *infliction* of repair, a series of *fresco* paintings, with the arms and motto of the Wodehouse family, the former representing full-length figures of the Virgin and Child,

extremely fine, as the rough sketch taken of them at the time by an amateur, serves to denote ; and the latter, emblazoned on a flesh-coloured ground, the ancient characters in which the name "Thomas Wodehouse," and his motto, "*Le jour viendra*," were given, being richly gilt, were discovered on the pillars of the middle aisle of *Notre Dame*, when, it will hardly be credited, they were barbarously obliterated, and "slap-dashed" with lime !

This atrocity—for surely it merits no milder denunciation—may, in some measure, be accounted for, though never forgiven or excused, when we remember the shadow-chasing and substance-losing people, by whom it was perpetrated ; and know, that the rarest monuments of antiquity, as well as the very text of the national directory, valuable or significant, mainly as unerring land-marks in history, have ever been defaced or swept away, after every political change, however worthless.

And, that the English name and blazon, encountered on the walls of a French church, inestimable illustration of eventful, by-gone days, as it might well have been deemed, would fan the ever smouldering ire and passion for spoliation, inherent in a race who attach far more import to the name of a street, than to the characteristics or essence of a government ! no one who is acquainted with France and her enigmatical people, can for an instant doubt.

How profitable and interesting one would imagine, for an intelligent Frenchman of the present or future day, to have the power of practically instructing the youth at his side, through the mere name and association attached to the anciently-named street, down which they chanced to turn in their stroll; or to direct his attention to the "era when the English held Calais," by means of the intrinsic memento, whose sacrifice we thus, as a citizen of the world, indignantly lament, had such been left him to expatiate and moralize upon.

In lieu of this, he cannot fail to be humiliated, in common with the reflective portion of the community, to witness the ridiculous haste and anxiety to rechristen "*Rues Royales*" into "*Republicaines*," or "*Places Louis Philippes*" into "*Egalités*," as if the events of history could be controverted or consigned to oblivion, at the fickle whimsicalities of the mob.

The circumstance of the above-named, short-sighted, yet unfortunate king, having landed with his family at considerable peril at the jetty of Calais, during a severe tempest, was chronicled by means of a brass plate inserted in the bulwark of the pier, the date and styles of the party rescued being given at length, and bequeathed, as it was hoped and intended, as a *souvenir* for the bathers and promenaders of posterity to muse on and spell over, as they passed the spot whereon history had laid her finger; or as

they listened to the unchanged and ceaseless murmur of the sea.

But when a change came in the form of the government of the country, the plate was ripped up as an eyesore, and was only re-inserted after the erasure of the titles *possessed by the royal personages at the time of the event* the memorial was meant to commemorate, and that, by the determination solely of the National Guard.

An obelisk or column in marble, erected on the *Quai Marrée*, had likewise an inscription commemorative of the debarkation of Louis XVIII on the spot, *vis-à-vis* to its site, "*A l'amour des Français !*" and in *perpetuity* thereof," as the epitaphian effusion had it, and of which, at the present moment, not a trace remains.

* * * * *

Continuing our archæological stroll through Calais, we arrive at the present *Hôtel de Ville*, an aged and extremely striking building, having been originally erected by Philip, Count of Boulogne, in the year 1224.

The tower to this ancient *halle*, bivaulted by a crypt of exquisite workmanship and proportions, and yet miraculously unmutilated, though put to very unworthy purposes, is surmounted by a trebly coroneted turret in open work, surrounded by numerous pinnacles of sharp and curious device, singularly quaint and attractive in its appearance.

This is greatly enhanced by the sombre tint of the time-darkened materials, contrasting, as it does, with the glare of light playing through the unglazed mullions of the turret.

The several faces of the tower to the *Hôtel de Ville*, are relieved by numerous rosettes and escutcheons in Caen stone, now mellowed and fretted by the lapse of more than six hundred years.

The upper part of the more modern portion of the building is devoted to the Bibliothèque of the town, a well-stored and readily-accessible library, of some eight thousand volumes.

Besides which, it contains a handsomely furnished room or two for municipal purposes, as well as the bureau for passports and the several officers of police.

The effigies of two knights in brass, mounted and armed *cap-a-pied*, are attached to the hammers of the clock inserted in the northern face of the time-worn tower, and tilt away at each other as it strikes the hour, serving to complete the quaintness of the rare old building to the gazer in the "place" below.

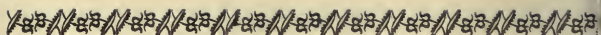
In close proximity to the *Hôtel de Ville*, is the ancient *Tour du Guet*, or Watch Tower, said to have been originally built by the Romans, also a striking feature in the *tout ensemble* of the town of Calais; especially when seen at a short distance, from either sea or land.

Amongst the many vicissitudes to which this relic of past days has been exposed in its career, was its

being vertically divided into two parts by the shock of an earthquake in the year 1580, and the watchman left in the half which remained standing.

In 1658, being constructed of wooden rafters, it fell a victim to the flames that consumed the ancient *Halle*, or Town Hall beneath it. On being rebuilt, a pharos, or lantern, was mounted on the summit of the shaft, to guide the passing mariner; and composed of six parabolical reflectors, disposed in two parallel groups—three on either side—and first put in motion in 1818; since which, the shaft has been deprived of its luminous guide, and a telegraph established in its stead, a splendid new lighthouse having been erected on the ramparts. In the *Rue de Thérmes* there still exists a fine crypt, subdivided into four compartments, partaking of the character of the one beneath the *Hôtel de Ville*, and supposed to have been the secret place of worship to the small and persecuted portion of the Protestant inhabitants of Calais, previous to the Reformation.





CHAPTER XII.

The Ancient Staple Hall of Calais—The Arms of the Guild—The Insignia of the Town before its Capture.—The Vault beneath the *Cour de Guise*—A Calais Merchant and his Servant. A.D. 1465—Philippe de Commines.



UT of all the old buildings in Calais that remain to us at the present day, the one by far the most interesting to the English visitant, from the fact of its origin and perfecting being due solely to our Anglo-Calaisian ancestors, is undoubtedly the ancient *Cour de Guise*, as it is now called, or the Staple Hall or Wool Staple, as it was termed, when in their possession.

This grand old palace of the 14th century, wherein our British monarchs lodged, and within whose fostering precincts our trading predecessors were encouraged to establish their mart and seat of custom beneath the royal eye and roof-tree, and of whose style and splendour the fine old gateway, with its many niches, groined ceiling, and now obliterated escutcheons, is alone a valued relic, is indeed a rare memorial of the past.

To this staple or chartered market of the dominant party who held the place and adjacent country,

together *with the highways of the sea by which it was kept supplied*, were not only the “merchauntes and occupiers of all manner of wares and merchandizes” in England, but the “merchauntes straungers” of the Low Countries, invited by proclamation to resort and repair from time to time, there to “buy and sell, change and rechange, with perfect and equal freedom and immunity;” provided always the traffic or “feates of merchandizes” were effected according to *tariff*; “Our dread and sovereigne lord the king,” as the proclamation, under date, July 13th, 1527, has it, “mynding the wealth, increase and enriching of his realm of England, and of this his town of Calais, and the marches of the same,” through the protection therein accorded to our home manufactures, the shipping that conveyed them to the distant depôt, as well as to the infant colony across the channel,—a line of policy somewhat at variance to our present insane code of tossing every advantage, natural or acquired, to the winds, or rather into the lap of our opponents, that served, when stock was taken and the balance struck, to place us in that commercial ascendancy, we should never have attained had a contrary one been adopted.

However, to our ruined Guildhall at Calais:—

This singular combination of palace and market, exchequer, and cloth-hall, the seat alike of royalty and trade, was formerly of great extent; having been built by letters patent from Richard II, dated February

8th, 1389, stating, that the Royal Woolstaple should be situated in a place called the "Pillory Haven," a small creek, supposed to have entered, at that day, near the present southern gate, then a strong postern only, and communicating with the old river already mentioned.

The charter to the Company of Staplers appears to have been granted some twenty or five and twenty years prior to the building of their Inn or Guild Hall.

The arms originally borne by this Anglo-Calaisian corporation of merchant adventurers—the same being also sculptured and blazoned on several parts of the palace, as well as on the demi-octagon stone pillars to the gateway—were,

Barry, nebulée of six, argent and azure : on a Chief gules, a Lion passant gardant, or, supported by two Rams.

Crest, on a wreath, a Ram argent, armed and unguled.

Motto—"God be our friend."

The ancient insignia of Calais, in 1346, when taken by the English, were—

Vert, on a Chief argent, a Star sable.

Which, though contrary to the laws of heraldry, in thus charging metal upon metal, I believe to be substantially correct.

These armorial bearings of the town were changed by the heralds of Edward III to—

Vert, charged with the Sword of Conquest, pommel and hilt, or ; on a Chief argent, the Cross of St. George, gules."

The ancient colours, as it will be seen, being retained.

How varied and dramatic the motley scenes enacted in the old court we have attempted to describe, as they pass before the creative vision of the mind !

The iron-clad man-at-arms, the gaily-decked esquire, or captain of the guard, mingled with the yeomen retainers, staid woolstaplers, clothiers, cutlers, or weavers, but just arrived over sea from our primitive manufacturing districts, loaded with their bales and wares for bartering with their Flemish burgher and colonial customers ; the whilst the nobles, merchant princes, and, at times, the very King of England himself, sat at the upper casements countenancing, if not enjoying, the bustle of the, to them, abundantly profitable mart.

Here also were the Mint and other important offices of the Calaisian dependencies to the British crown ; and, till lately, might have been traced the outlines of spacious and goodly rooms, a justice-hall and chapel, amidst the *débris* of the *Cour de Guise*, the appellation it received when presented by Henry the Second of France to the gallant duke of that name, the celebrated "Balafre," who in turn retook Calais from ourselves—all honour to him !

But the pickaxe and modern Vandalism have effected that which the hand of Time itself had

spared ; and now, but the metamorphosed, squalid contour of that once noble Anglo-Catholic Hotel, Palace, and Exchange, is left to gratify the gaze of the antiquary.

Beneath the present factory of the Messieurs Mallet, in the *Rue des Maréchaux*, is a vast range of dismal cellaring, formerly the subterranean premises to the palace. These are arched, and dimly lighted from the court-yard, and would seem, from the suspiciously placed rings of massive, though now corroded iron, yet remaining pendent from the crown of the arched ceiling to the vault, to have been the dungeons and torture chambers, as well as the secret stores to the ancient building.

There are also two extremely fine pillars, richly sculptured in Caen stone, that now do duty as gate-posts to the Messieurs Mallet's garden adjoining their fabric. When discovered—as one of those gentlemen informed me, when politely showing me over such part of his premises as contain traces of the *Cour de Guise*, on a portion of whose original site they are situated—the escutcheons borne by the angels at the head of the pillars, were richly emblazoned with the woolstaplers' arms, already noted ; but that, on being exposed to the air, the gilt and colouring instantly faded from the sight.

That this superb old mansion-house was adequately fitted for the reception and entertainment of the highest personages, we have ample evidence ; it being

recorded by Holinshed, that Henry VIII was lodged there in 1520; the Prince of Castile, in 1508, having been also an inmate. In the year 1532, Francis the First, when on a visit to Henry, at Calais, had likewise his "lodgings" prepared in the Staple Inn.

Its order of architecture combined the well-known Tudor and Flemish styles, the building having been equally massive and picturesque in its features and outlines.

The corporation of Woolstaplers was presided over by a mayor of their own, who had under him one hundred billmen (gleyves) and two hundred archers, whose ranks were filled by the merchants and their servants, without any pay from the crown.

During the absence of the captain of the town of Calais, on any expedition, the Mayor of the Staple was left in command, it being his duty to keep watch and ward till his return.

In Bernard's early work on Calais, and the re-conquered portion of France, from which we have already quoted, reference is made to the establishment of a Wool-mart in Calais, by Edward III, and to the Staple Hall, in particular, in the following words:—

"A.D. 1364 to 1395.—Rien ne se passa pendant tout ce temps-là en cette ville, sinon que le Roi d'Angleterre donna toute son application à la rendre des plus considerables; outre les fortifications qu'il en fit augmenter, et plusieurs fortresses qu'il fit élever dans le país, il y fit transmettre 'l'estappe des laines,' qui

étoit auparavant à Midelbourg en Zélande ; la plainte et le murmure des Flamands ne pût empêcher ce changement si prejudiciable à leur commerce.

“ Edouard prévoioit bien que ce nouvel établissement lui apporteroit un gros revenue, qui augmenta tellement dans la suite, qu’un auteur recommandable, [Philippe de Commynes] qui vivoit sous Louis XI, dit que son tems les Rois d’Angleterre faisoient de Calais leur revenu le plus fort, les marchands y étoient attirés de toute part ; et il nous reste un monument du grand commerce qui s’y faisoit dans cet ancien et superbe bâtiment que nous appellons la Cour de Guise ; c’étoit la bourse des marchands et le lieu de l’estappe pour les laines, dont la manifique structure et la vaste étendue nous font voir ce que pouvoient les marchands de Calais pendant que les Anglois y étoient les maîtres.”

During the reign of Edward IV, the merchants of the Staple at Calais were so wealthy and liberal, that, on being appealed to by the deputy of the place, then Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, they advanced to the treasury of England the sum of £18,000, a very considerable one in those days, besides having, on several occasions, given great assistance to the government, through placing their vessels at its disposal.

John Felde, or Field, a member of the Guild of Woolstaplers, personally lent King Henry the Sixth the large sum of £2000, in the year 1450, “for the payment of the wages due to Henry Viscount

Beaumont, Ralph Lord Sudeley, and others, who were then in charge of the town and castle of Calais, and the Tower of Risebank."

Field had a servant, or agent, probably, named Lowes Lyneham, who being in Calais, in 1465, wrote to his master, then in London, advising him of his having shipped in a vessel belonging to his brother, "three barrels of March beer, a pot of butter, and a little quiver, with shooting-tackle, for the king," of which he "moste lowlie wyse," begged his majesty's acceptance.

Lyneham's letter, preserved in the British Museum, is dated June, 1465, and serves to illustrate the thriving position, as well as the liberality and standing of a Calais merchant's servant or "bedeman," four centuries ago.

There was an ancient family of yeomanry of the name of Lyneham, long located at Pillsley, in the county of Derby, of which "Lowes" may not possibly have been a member.

Field is also a name of considerable antiquity in Derbyshire; so that both master and man may have emigrated to the Calaisian colony from the same locality.

Philippe de Commynes, also says, that the kings of England drew a great revenue from the customs' duty levied on wool at Calais; and that the custody of that port was considered one of the highest posts, or *la plus belle Capitainerie*, in the gift of the crown.

In confirmation of these assertions, he tells us that the *octroi*, collected on the wools passing into the Pays Bas alone, by way of Calais, amounted to the enormous sum of 50,000 crowns per annum; and that one treasurer of the place was tutor formerly to Edward VI, and the regent of the realm during his minority.

Note.—The temporary palace erected without the castle gate at Guisnes, on the occasion of Henry the Eighth's interview with Francis I, of which a description is given in the chapter devoted to "the Field of Cloth of Gold," was supposed to be a close imitation of the Staple Hall at Calais.



CHAPTER XIII.

The ancient Château at Calais—The murder of the Duke of Gloucester—The imprisonment of the Duchess of Gloucester—Sir John Steward—The treachery of Sir Amery of Pavia—Edward the Third's address to his Prisoners.



THE ancient castle, or *château* of Calais, wherein the English monarchs held their court, and had their "lodgings," when not sojourning at the Staple Hall,

during the two centuries, eleven years and seven months they possessed the place, was formerly situated at the north-west corner of the present citadel; the last remaining morsel of the ruined fortress having been built into one of the bastions when the new fortification was completed.

This *château*—as such buildings are termed in France, the word originally having no reference to the pavilions or country mansions of the present day, that have assumed the lofty title—was erected by Philip, Count of Boulogne, in 1222-4, and was an extensive and strong-hold of that day.

The castle-yard was surrounded by a high wall, flanked by six round towers, and was commanded by the keep, which domineered the whole. A deep moat,

crossed by drawbridges, intervened between the town and fortress, and added greatly to the security of its holders.

The donjon keep was also defended by several strong bulwarks, and stood a short distance to the westward of the castle itself.

Within these gloomy walls numerous personages of distinction were immured from time to time; the castle of Calais having been one of the state prisons of the day.

The Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Richard II, was foully murdered in one of the rooms of the château, having first been arrested by the governor of Calais in London, and then conveyed by him across the Channel.

On finding himself a prisoner, the duke demanded of the *Compte-maréchal* of the castle, "the reason for the violence practised upon him," to which he received the reply, that "it was the king's pleasure that his 'bel oncle' should remain in his custody, until he received orders to the contrary; the bail demanded for his security being the life of the commandant himself."

This answer sufficed to inform Gloucester of the imminent peril in which he was placed; but when a gloomy monk introduced himself into his chamber, and commenced a homily, the text of which was the reproof of the vanities and ambitious hopes of life,

as well as a solemn hint of its great *uncertainty*, the poor prince well knew that his hour was come.

At the time of dinner he was conducted into an apartment, wherein a table was duly arranged for his solitary meal; but when, according to the custom of the day, he was presented with a silver basin, in which to dip his fingers ere he sat down to eat, four assassins rushed out from an anti-chamber, and threw a "*longue serviette*" or napkin, round his neck, with which they strangled him.

It was immediately given out to the officers of the garrison, who were the last men to have sanctioned such a cold-blooded, treacherous deed, as the one related, that the Duke of Gloucester had arrived over night in a state of incognito, and had died of a fit of apoplexy, whilst washing his hands in his own room.

The remains of the murdered duke were embalmed, and conveyed with becoming pomp to London, being eventually buried in Westminster Abbey, Richard, "*son bel neveu*," doubtlessly performing the part of "*chief mourner*."

Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, after her condemnation for treason and sorcery, was imprisoned at Calais, subsequently to being in the custody of Sir Thomas Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

In 1447, Sir John Steward held an important command in Calais; and appears to have had the charge of the duchess, as may be gathered from his

will, wherein he bequeaths to Sir Thomas Criell, "a ring with a diamond, which Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, gave me while she lived with me as my prisoner."

His lands in the marches of Calais, as well as "all his harness of war," and his ship, the "*Grace de Dieu*," Sir John Steward bequeathed to his eldest son, Thomas; "the gilt cup given to him by Queen Katharine on the day of her coronation," being left to his aunt, Alice Tolmarshe.

The testator was descended from a younger son of the Royal house of Stewart, and was the ancestor of a family of the name of Stewart, or Steward, which flourished for many generations in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. He was buried within the church of *Nôtre Dame* at Calais, according to the desire expressed in his will, dated 1447.*

When Edward III became assured of the contemplated treachery of Sir Amery of Pavia, the Lombard, he had appointed to take command of the, but then conquered town and castle of Calais, he acted with his accustomed promptitude and decision, having landed in the dead of the night at the jetty, accompanied by three hundred men-at-arms and six hundred archers, and thrown himself into the keep of the fortress.

The Count Geoffrey Charney was governor of

* Extracted from Sandford's 'Genealogical History of the Kings of England.'

St. Omer at the time; and having exchanged visits of civility with Sir Amery, soon perceived him to be a man open to the influence of money, and one utterly devoid of honourable feeling.

An arrangement was speedily arrived at between the two commanders, namely; that on the receipt of 20,000 crowns, the Lombard should deliver up his post to the force sent to attack it.

But, like a double traitor as he was, on finding his scheme penetrated by Edward, he agreed to appear to continue the negociation, that Charney, who, at all events, acted through the inspiration of patriotism, should, with his assaulting party, be entrapped in the snare.

The king of England was personally engaged in the repulse of the Frenchmen, and in the capture of their leader; when, regarding the latter with a haughty expression of countenance, he said to him, "Sire Geoffroi! I have little reason to like you, as you would have stolen by night that which I had so dearly attained at the cost of many men and much treasure. However, I rejoice that we have had this trial, and that you have failed in your intention to make a 'better bargain' in the re-purchase of Calais for 20,000 crowns, than I made in its acquisition. This you would willingly have done, *mais, Dieu merci, Dieu m'a aidé!*"

Then turning to the Count Eustache Ribaumont, who was also his prisoner, Edward said,—“Sire Eustache! you are a brave and a valiant knight,

always ready to face his enemy hand to hand, as I can bear witness personally. Accept this chaplet of pearl, which I pray you to wear for one year out of love to me ; and then to give it to the best combatant of the day ; and, as I know you to be a gay and amorous chevalier, when you are in the company of dames and demoiselles, tell them that you received this present from me when you were my prisoner ; and that you had my permission to leave your prison without ransom, and to depart when you thought proper.”

Thus have deeds of darkness and treachery, as well as passages of the loftiest chivalry and generosity, been enacted within the walls of the ancient château of Calais.

What a field yet remains to the gleaner of the waifs of reverie and fancy!

The present citadel to the town of Calais, was built in 1561, on part of the ancient parish of St. Nicholas ; the venerable church, together with many interesting old buildings, “ Scales’ Hôtel, or Palace,” amongst the rest, being levelled to the ground during the completion of these formal, unsightly lines of ditch and rampart ; all of which our present knack of kicking a shell some three or four miles—if desirable to play at long bowls, would speedily render untenable.

Vauban, accomplished as he was, did not speculate upon his bastions, and *demi lunes* being assailed from a point scarcely visible to the naked eye, or foresee the *richochet* of the present art of gunnery !

CHAPTER XIV.

The Courgain.



UST without the gates, and flanking the harbour, lies the *Courgain*, a gnarled and rugged excrescence, or municipal wart of Calais ; being, in fact, a singular little colony of fishermen and their families, who, upon the “give an inch” and “take an ell” system, have, by degrees, located themselves upon what was nothing more nor less than an ancient bastion of the fortifications ; till at length it was formally, if reluctantly, made over to them in 1622, and walled round the following year.

This clannish little parish has its own customs, *patois*, and superstitions, and is the *beau ideal* of an exclusive fishing town ; as exclusive it assuredly is, even to the intermarriage and intercourse of its people.

Weather-beaten men of all ages—their sturdy limbs encased in their huge and heavy sea-boots—loungue about with pipe in mouth, or otherwise sit at their doorway baiting their lines, or mending nets when not shooting or hauling them on the deep.

The women, hard-working, indefatigable creatures,

hurry incessantly to and from the lugger with the newly-baited or entangled lines, or to the beach with their bait-baskets and spades; or at other times, with their shrimp-nets at low water.

Across every narrow street hang from window to window, the drenched garments of both sexes, in tatterdemalion array.

The odour of fish and tanner's bark, used in tanning nets and lines, tobacco and sea-weed, pervades the very air; yet are there numerous little tastily arranged *cafés*, having the sign of the "mullet," the "mackerel," or "John Dory," over their portals; whilst geraniums, fuchsias, and jasmines may be seen flowering in many an otherwise unsightly casement.

In winter they have their dances, maskings, and mummary, within the precincts of their own hive; and well the industrious *Courgainaise* deserve to enjoy themselves, for, when the sun shines, they *will* make hay, work hard without flinching, prompted by the consuming passion for the possession of money: this being truly their motto, code, and practice.

To the inordinate love of gain, the *Courgainer* is noted for his quarrelsome, vindictive, and superstitious tendencies; to which may be added his inveterate dislike of a Calaisian, and the slightest innovation on his habits and mode of life.

The number of the inhabitants of this wen of Calais, confined as it is in its dimensions, amounts to upwards of two thousand souls.

The cry of the women when hawking their fish and shrimps beneath your window, is peculiarly frightful; it unites the several notes of screech and wail, and is quite as distracting to the ear, as the sharpening of a saw, or the grinding of a hurdy-gurdy.





CHAPTER XV.

The Field of Cloth of Gold.



HEN, in the year 1520, Henry VIII and Francis I met on the plain situated midway between the towns of Guîsnes and Ardres, the exact place of rencontre, being close to the villages of Brême and Balinghen, just without the English pale, the rendezvous between the two monarchs, was chronicled in the inflated language of the day, as having taken place in *Le Camp de Drap d'Or*, or, on the "Field of Cloth of Gold," by reason of the royal pavilions intended for their conference and repose, having been draped and covered with that costly and brilliant material.

With Wolsey for a master of the ceremonies, and two potentates unrivalled for their love of pomp and parade, the chief performers in the pageantry, it may readily be believed that nothing was wanting to render the gorgeous spectacle sumptuous and magnificent in the extreme.

Profusion and display were indeed the absurd fashion of the time, and never perhaps was the rage for expensive attire carried to so extravagant a length as in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Tissues of gold and silver; velvets, plumes, and

niniver, with damascened harness of Milan steel, and sword-blades beyond price, composed the toilet of the knightly throng assembled on the plain of Artois, beneath their golden canopy.

The horse naturally shared in the splendour of his lord, and was panoplied in housings of cloth of gold, or morocco leather, bossed with precious stones and bullion.

Nor was the presence of beauty wanting to grace the scene; for a galaxy of fair forms mingled with the mail-clad host, and, anon, composed the tribunal to the competing champions in the tourney.

Hawks and hounds, heralds, jesters, and troubadours, with all the motley *truanderie* of the camp and tilt-ground, completed the cast of the memorable *al fresco* drama.

The preparations for this chivalrous gathering were made upon a very extensive and costly scale, and are interesting in their details, as bearing expressly upon our notice of Calais.

On the 11th of March, 1519, no fewer than 500 carpenters, 300 masons, together with various painters, glaziers, smiths, joiners and other artificers amounting to more than 2000 men, arrived from England under the charge of Sir Edward Bellknappe, Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands, commissioners to the king; and on the 19th were set to work at the erection of a temporary, yet magnificent

palace, immediately without the castle-gate at Guîsnes. An immense raft of timber was brought by sea from Holland to Calais; there broken up, and thence forwarded to the works at Guîsnes; besides which several shiploads of portions of the palace, prepared and framed, as well as of boards and deals, arrived from England.

With these materials a stately castellated edifice was erected of quadrangular proportions, and sufficiently large to entertain and lodge the whole of the court of England, besides having banquetting room for Francis and his retinue.

Duchêsne asserts the building to have been one hundred and twenty-eight feet high; its circumference or space occupied by the four quadrants having been, according to Hall, the recorder of London at the time, who attended Henry as an official chronicler of the fête, no less than 1312 feet.

The outer walls were covered with canvas, painted in imitation of freestone and rubbed brick-work; the interior being ornamented by curious sculptures and hung with the richest tapestry, cloths of gold and silver, paned with green and white silk, the favourite colours of the house of Tudor.

At the foot of the grand staircase, and along the corridors were placed gigantic figures in armour wrought in curious work of argentine.

The walls of the palace were crenelated and

fortified at their angles, as also on each side of the grand entrance or gate-way, by a circular tower of brickwork, pierced with loop-holes.

On either side of the gate were two large transom baywindows, separated from each other by a square freestone tower, which was carried up above the battlements of the parapet, and terminated by a large projecting moulded cornice. Between the heads of the bartizans and the cornice under the battlements, ran a broad flourished frieze, grounded red, and inlaid with tracery.

The head of the grand gateway, or entrance into the palace was formed by a catenarian arch, whose archivault rested on the capitals of two Corinthian pilasters, which formed the architrave that covered the jambs of the doorway. The archivault was rusticated and enriched with a profusion of ornaments; whilst upon the crown or keystone stood a male figure with a pair of expanded wings, and a pilgrim's staff in his right hand, his shield supporting his left, resting with its point upon the head of an expiring dragon upon which he is trampling.

This figure was intended, in all probability, as an emblem of Henry's newly-acquired title of Defender of the Faith, and was gilt with gold.

On either side of the statue was a large union rose of York and Lancaster, and over them a superb festoon, composed of laurel leaves and husks intermixed.

Above all these ornaments was placed a grand armorial escutcheon, charged with—Quarterly, France and England, supported on the dexter side by a Lion, Or; and on the sinister, by a Dragon, Gules; being then the arms and supporters used by the English king. The escutcheon was surmounted by an imperial crown, whilst at each angle of the roof, sat a lion supporting in his paws a vane made in form of a banner, and blazoned with the royal badges.

From the centre of the roof of the palace rose a grand hexangular turret, on the summit of which stood a figure emblematical of Religion, represented as a female winged, and trampling on a demon, or fiend, which lies at her foot, pierced by the shaft of a long cross which she holds in her hand.

On the plain, in front of the palace, two superb conduits, placed at a short distance from each other were erected.

These fountains had the following motto, emblazoned in letters of Romain on their crowns :

“ FAITE—BONNE—CHERE—QUY—VOULDRA,”

and, according to the Mareschal de Florenge, ran with red wine, hippocras and water during the continuation of the pageant.

Monsieur Peiresc tells us that the one discharged malmsey and the other claret; Hall's words being:—
“ Y^e conductes renne to all people with red, white, and claret wine.”

The gorgeous and vast pavilion of Henry, wherein

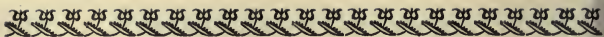
he and his Queen Catherine so frequently entertained Francis and his chief nobility at dinner, was pitched on the rising ground nearer to Guîsnes than the place of interview, and was entirely draped with cloth of gold flowered with black.

On the summit or "finyall" of the tent, a banner waved, charged with the arms of France and England, quarterly.

The culinary offices, requisite for the preparation of the sumptuous banquets, including a group of ovens, "boiling and roasting offices," buttery, pantries, and sculleries, were situated a short and convenient distance from the grand pavilion and covered in with canvas.

In the adjacent fields several other tents were pitched, designed for the use of sutlers, and covered with green and white, and red and white linen.

With this glimpse at the arrangements of Sir Edward Bellknappe on the plain of Ardres and Guîsnes, for the details of which we are indebted to the ancient picture in Windsor Castle, painted on the spot, in commemoration of the "Field of Cloth of Gold," and described by Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Bart. F.R.S., in his paper to the Society of Antiquaries in the year 1770, we proceed to the ground on the morning of the interview between the two "loving brethren," "France and England."



CHAPTER XVI.



HICENTIOUS and cruel, as was Henry the Eighth, he was yet no "carpet knight," or participator in the ceremonies of the day for the mere love of dalliance with the fair. He was, on the contrary, a stalwart Briton in pluck and manhood, and an awkward customer to the best man in the ring or lists, come he from what land he might.

Francis, likewise, was no degenerate scion of the house of Valois, but a brave and chivalrous knight, willing to run a course with any lance in Christendom.

Hence it was, that when the interview was agreed upon between the two valiant monarchs, proclamation was made by Orleans, king at arms for France, and Clarencieux for England, in all the courts of Europe, that their respective lords and suzerains, Francis and Henry, would, with certain aids, abide all comers, being gentlemen, at the tilt, tourney and barriers.

The aids on the English side were the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, Sir William Kingston, Sir Richard Jernyngham, Sir Giles Capel, Mr. Nicholas Carew, and Sir Anthony Knevett; and those of the French king, the Duc de Vendôme, Le Comte

de St. Pol, Monsieur Cavaan, Monsieur Bukkal, Monsieur Brion, Monsieur de Roche, and Monsieur de Montmorenci.

The lists, at *Le Camp de Drap d'Or*, contained within their area a space of nine hundred feet in length, and three hundred and twenty feet in breadth, according to Hall's account, and were entirely fenced in by stout palisades and barriers, with the exception of the entrance gates.

On the left of the lists, ran a long gallery for the reception of the royal personages and their attendants, the barriers being guarded by a great number of demi-lancers and other troops on horseback, completely armed.

One entrance into the lists was guarded by French soldiers; clothed in blue and yellow uniform, with a salamander, the badge of Francis, embroidered on their sleeve. The other was kept by the English yeomen of the guard holding their partizans. Close to the gallery end of the arena, was planted the Tree of Honour, its trunk being draped with a mantle of red velvet, richly embroidered with gold, whilst, from its branches, in accordance with the rules of chivalry, hung the shields of arms of the challengers in the tourney.

The judges deputed for the field on the part of Henry, were the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Worcester, and Sir Edward Poynings; the Earl of Essex being appointed

marshal for the "ordering" the same, assisted by the Lord Bergaveny, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sandes; Sir John Husè, Sir Richard Sackeverel, and a company of the king's guard.

The special duty of the marshal and his staff, was the keeping of "straungers and vagabundes" from approaching too near the golden encampment, or from even passing over the ditches by which its outer precincts were entrenched.

Sir Henry Marney was appointed to keep Henry's "lodging," the lord steward and master comptroller being ordered to "take heed to the due provision of his "frute and drinke."

The several *entrées* to the field were kept by an equal number of French and English guards.*

On the morning of the interview between Francis and Henry, their respective cavalcades issued from the towns of Ardres and Guîsnes, and met, it is believed, on the exact spot now surmounted by a high mound planted with trees, and situated, as we have before said, close to the village of Balinghen.

The van of the English procession was composed of the king's guard of billmen, their rear being brought up by several of their officers on horseback. These were followed by three ranks of men on foot, five in each rank, all of them unarmed, or, to use the language of the times, being out of defensible apparel. Following them, came five of Wolsey's domestics on

* MS. Cotton. Titus, b. 1, p. 127.

horseback. The middlemost one was dressed in a black gown, and bore in his right hand a cross, the ensign of the cardinal's legantine authority; the one on the left of him was habited in a scarlet gown, and bore the cardinal's hat on a cushion, whilst he on the right was dressed in black, and wore, in common with the rest, massive gold chains, pendent from the shoulder.

The horseman on the extreme right was attired in a white linen habit, not unlike a modern surplice.

The succeeding files of the cavalcade were composed of gentlemen, squires, knights, and barons, on horseback, all wearing massive chains, and supported right and left by mace-bearers dressed in crimson, or "sanguine coloured" habits.

Garter King-at-Arms, Sir Thomas Wriothesly, mounted on a piebald horse, richly trapped and caparisoned, and wearing the tabard of the order, being supported by two sergeants-at-arms mounted on black horses, preceded Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, who bore the sword of state in its sheath, upright. He was dressed in a gown of cloth of gold, and mounted on a beautiful dun charger, by whose side ran two milk-white greyhounds, with massive silver collars round their necks.

Yeomen of the guard bearing their partisans on their shoulders, and the king's own henchmen dressed in crimson jackets, embroidered on the back with the union rose between a greyhound and a dragon, inter-

vened between the Marquis of Dorset and Henry, who followed with Wolsey at his side.

The King of England was mounted on a stately white courser, most richly caparisoned ; his trappings, headstall, breast-piece, reins, and stirrups, being covered with wrought gold, highly embossed, and "pounced with antique work in Romaine figures."

On his head he wore a black velvet hat with a white ostrich feather laid on the upper side of the brim ; the under side being garnished with a circlet or lacing of rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, intermixed with pearls. From his shoulders hung the celebrated collar, composed of rubies and branches of pearl set alternately.

A tunic of cloth of gold over a jacket of rose-coloured velvet, boots of yellow, untanned leather, and the Cross of St. George, completed the toilet of Henry.

In a line with him on his right hand, rode the cardinal priest, meekly mounted on a "stately mule," whose headstall, reins, and broad breast-piece, were composed of black velvet, bossed and pounced with gold.

He was habited in a rich gown of violet-coloured velvet, and was preceded by his page, distinguished by the cardinal's hat, embroidered on the breast of his doublet.

The king's henchmen, yeomen of the guard, together with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, wearing

the collar of the order of the Garter, and Henry Bouchier, Earl of Essex, who executed the office of earl marshal *pro tempore*, and several files of nobles and gentlemen brought up the rear of the procession.

The cavalcade of Francis—of which we know little in detail—debouched from the ramparts at Ardres, about the same time that the English King crossed the drawbridge at Guîsnes, the departure being concerted by signal-gun, fired from the batteries of each town.

After proceeding considerably more than half-way between the two pales, the head of the English *cortège* encountered the van of the French party, when the front ranks of each wheeling to the right and left, Henry and Francis confronted each other.

They mutually, and, at the same instant, raised their bonnets from their heads, and formally saluted; then dismounting from their chargers, heartily embraced, and in a few moments walked arm-in-arm into a large single tent, pitched at some short distance from the rest that was draped with cloth of gold, flowered with red, and lined with blue velvet, powdered with *Fleurs-de-lys*, on the summit of which was a figure of St. George trampling on a dragon.

Through the rigid etiquette of the day, not even the powerful Wolsey was admitted to this kingly conference, it being strictly between the two monarchs without witness; their coursers—that of Francis

being a noble roan—remaining at the entrance to the pavilion, held by their respective esquires.

When this ceremonial was ended, Francis and Henry parted, and retired to their lodgings. During the time that the solemnity of arms lasted, namely—twenty-eight days, a series of reciprocal visits, banquets, tilts, tourneys, and other martial exercises, took place on the Field of Cloth of Gold: on the eleventh day, the two kings in person having entered the lists in complete armour, and splintered several lances without it being possible to determine which of them had the advantage.

It is related by Bernard, that François Premier, not willing to be outdone in magnificence by Henry, had invited the English King and all his court to a splendid banquet he purposed giving in a gorgeous pavilion sixty feet in length, and covered entirely with a tissue of bullion, the very cordage to the same being of silk and gold. This sumptuous tent was pitched without the ramparts of Ardres; but, on the day of the banquet a furious tempest arose, snapped the golden cords asunder, and rended the superb fabric to shreds; the walls of the rampart over which it was blown, being long after known as the *bastion du festin*.

The features of the country wherein transpired the brilliant historical episode we have thus ventured to glance at, have all the fair type of the true French champaign landscape; an unbroken yet undulating

plain, belted with forest, and teeming with luxuriance.

Beyond the vague memorial we have alluded to, namely, the planted mound near the village of Balinghen, there is nothing left to record the chivalrous drama enacted in its vicinity; the very names of the once illustrious performers in it being^a but to be traced in "black letter," or on the tomb.

And yet, when our eye roved over the heavy crops of waving grain, that on the occasion of our stroll, stretched away to the wooded horizon, it seemed as if the gorgeous title given to the arena by the heralds or troubadours of Francis and Henry, was perpetuated to us; for truly did the field still gleam as one of *gold*, as the ripe and yellow harvest lay basking in the mid-day sun.

Note.—According to Stowe, the number of persons attendant upon the King and Queen, on the occasion of the interview with Francis I, amounted to no less than 4334, having with them 1637 horses; besides these, were the retinues of the Dowager French Queen and Cardinal Wolsey; the last of whom was attended by 12 chaplains, 50 gentlemen, 238 servants, and 150 horses. This host of pageant seekers debarked at Calais on the 31st of May, 1520; the King of England, with his Queen and suite, arriving in the "Great Harry."





CHAPTER XVII.

Notice of the Town of Guîsnes—The “ Surprise ” of its Château by
John de Lancaster—Captains of Guîsnes.



GUÎSNES, Guîsne, or Guînes, the first being the most ancient and, probably, correct mode of spelling the name of the town, is situated in Picardy, about two leagues inland of Calais, and the same distance north-west from Ardres. At what time the place was founded is unknown, though its origin is supposed to be very remote; as, antecedently to the year 928, when vested in the person of Sifrid, the first count and seigneur of Guîsnes, of whom we have already made mention, we find that Valbert, son of Agneric, prime minister to Thierry, King of Burgundy, in the seventh century, was possessed of it. Saint Faron, the brother to Valbert, is the second *châtelain* of whom we have record; from whose day, until annexed by Lideric—the first earl or forester of Flanders—to his dominions, we have little or no account of the lords of Guîsnes and its dependencies.

Arnold the Bald, one of the succeeding counts of Flanders, in whom the seignury of Guîsnes merged

in turn, being at feud with William, Earl of Ponthieu, solicited the aid of Sifrid, who, it is believed, was of Danish origin, and was then master of a considerable portion of the coasts of Artois and Picardy.

The result of Sifrid's alliance, was the seizure of Guîsnes by the Dane, who promptly occupied and fortified the castle, Arnold being able to make no better terms than to confirm him in its possession, and give him his daughter Estrude in marriage.

Adolphus, the son of Sifrid and Estrude, succeeded to the barony, and very shortly erected it into a county, from whence no less than twelve peerdoms a few years ago took their titles.

When Edward III had made himself master of Calais, he naturally looked upon Guîsnes as a town of too much importance to be suffered to remain in the hands of his hostile neighbours, though it was four years after the capture of the former place, ere his wishes for its acquisition were gratified.

The town and fortress were at length "surprised" in the manner following :—

Amongst the English prisoners detained at the château of Guîsnes, by reason, as it is said, of his ransom money not being forthcoming, was an archer of the name of John de Lancaster.

Wearied by gazing on the morass, by which his place of captivity was surrounded, our gallant archer gladly accepted permission to take a spade and mattock with the French *ouvriers*, repairing the bastions,

and thereby gained the liberty of moving about within the precincts of the castle.

During this pleasant break in his imprisonment, Lancaster, like a worthy type of the bold and amorous outlaw, gained the acquaintance, and in no great length of time, the affections of *une jeune blanchisseuse*, who aided him to escape, and, as it turned out, to surprise and capture the place, within whose walls he had been so long, though, as the result proved, anything but unprofitably incarcerated.

With a piece of rope obtained from his French sweetheart, Lancaster, on a favourable opportunity offering itself, took the height of the walls of the château and bastions; and then, with the same, lowered himself into the fossé at their base. Here he lay hidden till night fell, when, having swam the moat, and traversed the marshes that then intervened between Guîsnes and the English outposts, he arrived at the gate of Calais, at that day a strong postern, situated at some short distance from the present entrance into the town.

Arrived at length at his barracks, the archer recounted the history of his escape, and gallantly proposed that a party of his comrades should, the same evening, cross the country at nightfall under his guidance, and attempt the surprise of the château of Guîsnes.

The overture was readily acceded to; thirty volunteers placing themselves under the command of Lan-

caster, who, having possessed himself of the altitude of the walls, provided the scaling-ladders essential to the enterprise, and was well acquainted with the most judicious spots for placing them.

Under the cover of darkness, the small party of English issued from their guard-room, traversed the *marais*, and arrived at the castle-moat: this they crossed in silence; then, by the aid of their scaling-ladders, they mounted the wall of the first rampart, and instantly put to death the sentinels who challenged them.

The château of Guîsnes stood a little way to the south of the town, and was formerly a strongly fortified hold, built in the form of a pentagon, with five round towers and very high curtains. In the centre of these fortifications stood the keep, called *La Cave*, which was a square building, fortified without by a strong bulwark, and defended by a wet ditch and four towers at its angles.

It will thus be seen, that our archer, with his handful of comrades, had no small share of hazard when they ventured to surprise a fortress like the one at that day at Guîsnes.

William de Beaucourry, of Boulogne, was in command of the garrison, though it appears that on the night in question he was absent at a *fête* at St. Omers.

The sentinels being disposed of, Lancaster overpowered the guards and possessed himself of the

castle, it being tenanted at the time by a great many chevaliers and their dames, who were sleeping profoundly when their slumbers were thus unceremoniously disturbed.

The gallant archer, however, proved himself no discourteous victor on the occasion; for it is recorded to his honour that he placed a sufficient number of horses at the disposal of the ladies, begging they would take their jewels and other moveables, and depart which way they thought proper.

Notice of the success of the enterprise having been forwarded to the deputy at Calais, that functionary speedily threw a sufficient garrison into the surprised fortress; the English maintaining possession of it despite an attempt at its recapture by Francis I, in 1514, at the head of 8000 men, and a considerable train of artillery, till the year 1558, when it was besieged and taken by the Duke de Guise.

In concluding our notice of John de Lancaster, it is extremely gratifying to know that every attempt to tamper with his fidelity, when in temporary trust of the château at Guîsnes, proved abortive.

On one occasion, the Comte d'Eu and Guîsnes offered him 40,000 crowns to turn him from his allegiance to Edward; but, as the French account of the transaction expresses it, "*l'archer fut inexorable.*"

Being situated immediately on the French frontier, the castle of Guîsnes was deemed a post of the greatest importance during our occupation of Calais and the

adjacent country, and its custody was conferred on persons of the first distinction.

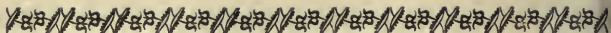
The garrison was seldom composed of less than three hundred men; and in time of war amounted to five hundred, Sir John Wallop, Captain of Guîsnes in 1533, having had that number under him.

In the year 1489, Sir James Tyrrel was the king's lieutenant or captain. In 1513, Sir Nicholas Vaux. In 1524, Sir William Fitzwilliam. In 1527, the Lord Sandys; Sir Andrew Dudley, K.G., having succeeded Sir John Wallop. The last captain of Guîsnes being, as it is believed, the Lord Greyde Wilton, K.G., in the year 1558. In the reign of Edward IV, the Earl of Oxford, brother-in-law to "Richard Neville," was imprisoned in the fortress at Guîsnes, and only liberated on the death of that monarch.

Warwick's own brother, the Archbishop of York, namely, George Neville, was a prisoner at the same time in the château of Hâmmes, near Calais, and very shortly died from the effects of the humiliation.

It is all but superfluous to add, that the sun of their great relative, the "King Maker," had ere this set beneath its stormy horizon.





CHAPTER XVIII.

The Town and ancient *Seigneurie* of Ardres — The meeting of Richard II and Isabella of Valois.



Y the treaty of Brittany, in 1360, the whole county of Guîsnes, including the town of Ardres, was ceded by John, King of France, to Edward III of England, a fact sufficiently interesting as to render a short notice of the place neither unacceptable, as we would hope, nor yet irrelevant to our annals of the neighbouring town of Calais.

After being in our possession seventeen years, Ardres was besieged and taken by the French; they lost it again, in 1522, to the Flemings, though the English retook it from them almost immediately.

In 1562 the town was confirmed in all its original privileges and franchises by the Counts of Guîsnes, its ancient *châtelains*; since which time it has remained in the possession of the French.

Arde or Ardres, derived, as some French antiquaries assert, from the Latin word *Ardea*, a heron; or from the Teutonic, *Ard* or *Ord*, is at present a *triste* little town in itself, placed on the brow of a hill, and entirely enclosed by lofty, though now crumbling

verdure-clad ramparts, with wide fossés at their base, teeming with rank luxuriance.

Without these mouldering walls and bastions, groups of stately trees, and a stream, of crystal clearness, serve, with the broken features of the grassy *côte*, to give to the environs of Ardres a very pleasing and rural aspect.

From the ramparts, a more charming view can scarcely meet the eye; so soft and pastoral is the vast and rich plain that stretches away from their base to a swelling, deeply-wooded horizon, singularly varied and picturesque in its outline.

It is one of those purely French landscapes that Claude has bequeathed us on his glowing canvas; and though without any of the grandeur of Nature, as beheld in her rocks, and lakes, and majestic rivers, the scene has all her serenity and quiet beauty.

According to Lambert of Ardres, one of its earliest chroniclers, there stood in the year 1000, in the midst of the vast prairie of pasturage—then existing from the hills to the *marais*—and probably some half league from the present site of the town, a large, solitary *château*, called *Selvesse*.

This ancient fortress, together with the wide domain surrounding it, had, through the death of her relations, come into the possession of a young demoiselle, named Adela, a descendant from the Seigneurs of Bourbourg, and niece at the time to De Framery, Bishop of Teroüane.

Eustache, count de Guîsnes, the Lord Paramount of Artois and Picardy, demanded the hand of the young heiress of Selvesse in marriage ; but she, by the advice of her wily uncle, who deemed the interests of even his niece, as a matter of no moment, when compared to those of his church, was induced to keep him in dalliance and suspense—not venturing to return a decided refusal to his suit—and, finally, to assign all her possessions to the church of Terouane, without reserve, she herself being placed under its especial protection.

It appears that Adela was not doomed, after all, to the dismal death in life of the nunnery, or to cease for ever from gazing on the fair pastures of Selvesse ; for her ghostly relative, having secured her estates, and prevented them being absorbed in the powerful house of Guîsnes, played off his niece to the further advantage of the great cause, by bringing about an alliance between her and Herebert, Châtelain of Furne, whom he imagined powerful enough to sustain him against the wrath of the Lord Paramount.

Previously to his marriage, Herebert confirmed the assignment of the lands of *Selvesse*, with the exception of the château—a part of his own domain lying contiguous to it ; for which proof of piety he was created a peer and baron, with the privilege of escorting the bishop to his throne upon his installation, one of the greatest honours that could be conferred upon him.

After building several houses for his vassals, near

his own castle, the first husband of Adela died, leaving two daughters, named Adela and Adelis; the former eventually marrying Eustache de Fienne, father of the founder of the abbey of Beaulieu, and the other being espoused to Robert d'Alembon, chief of the house of which Eustache was but a cadet.

After the death of Herebert, Seigneur of Furne, his widow, the first-named "Young demoiselle" of Selvesse, married Arnold, brother to the Châtelain of Bergue, to whom the town of Ardres is indebted for its foundation.

Having selected the most prominent position in the vicinity of his domain, the ancient château of the Seigneurs of Bourbourg was razed to the ground, and its materials transported to the spot as a nucleus for the contemplated city.

The first care of the self-constituted Châtelain of Ardres was the erection of a strongly-fortified castle, with donjon and outworks, built in the form of a labyrinth, that he named *La Motte d'Ardres*.

He next, through the accorded permission of his Lord Paramount, the potent Count of Guîsnes, commenced the parish church, which he dedicated to St. Omer, within whose holy walls the despoiled heiress of Selvesse, and wife of its founder—after arriving at a good old age—found her final resting-place.

To this church, six secular canons were founded by the Châtelain of the town, who also granted franchises and privileges to the new residents as they settled, and

built within the walls, that speedily circumvallated it at his instigation.

During these passages in our narrative, a space of some seventy years elapsed, that is, from the year 1000 to 1073, when the founder of Ardres, Arnold, the first seigneur, married for his second wife the daughter and heiress of Godefroy, Châtelain of Marquise, named Mahault, an alliance by which he greatly increased his station in the county of Guîsnes.

Arnoult, his son and heir, accompanied Robert, Count of Flanders, to the Holy Land, and married, on his return from Palestine, Gertrude de Gand, daughter of the Seigneur d'Alost.

This proprietor of the newly-founded town and lordship of Ardres, embroiled himself in a contest with the Count de Guîsnes, to whom he was still vassal; the Seigneur of Balinghen being also at feud with him in consequence of his attempting to make a lake or mere at Brème.

Peace was only restored upon Arnoult paying both homage and a bushel measure of silver to his lord and suzerain, Beaudoin, Count of Guîsnes, a considerable sum in those days, as Bernard observes in his notice of the transaction.

The third Arnold, or Arnoult of Ardres, married Petronelle, niece of the Count of Flanders; but dying without issue, the whole of his broad lands and other possessions became vested in the person of his sister Adeline, who marrying the Vicomte de Marck,

both the baronies merged into the latter seigneurie, though still in vassalage to the Counts of Boulogne, to whom, as Lords Paramount, the Châtelains of Marck paid homage.

The parish church of Ardres—the only remaining memento of the founder of the town—is a quaint and ancient structure, dedicated to St. Omer, now grievously smothered by nests of dilapidated cottages, that are absolutely built into the venerable edifice, as if it were a cliff, or other convenient spot for the erection of a hovel.

The chancel window, a fine oriel, with lanceolated compartments, divided by mullions of highly wrought limestone, is all but hidden by the unsightly innovations, though its beautiful proportions may be traced sufficiently as to make one grieve for the slight esteem, nay, irreverence, in which they are held.

To look for the least monumental record, or genealogical trace of any ancient family in any church in France, is quite out of the question. All is white-wash, daub, and candle grease, in their interiors, from Alsace to the Pyennees, from the *Pas de Calais* to the Mediterranean; every bit of blazoned marble, by whose agency heraldry instructs us when more perishable documents are denied us, having long since been scrupulously defaced or shattered, as an act of piety or patriotism!

We have little more to say of Ardres, beyond alluding to the interesting fact of its having been the

assize town to the Calaisian dependencies to the British crown in the year 1362, as well as the place where Isabella of Valois, accompanied by her father, Charles VI, lodged on the evening preceding the meeting between herself and affianced husband, Richard II, a few days before their marriage, in the parish church of St. Nicholas, at Calais.

The interview took place on the plain situated between Ardres and Guîsnes, Richard having slept at the latter town as the guest of the Duke of Lancaster.

Sumptuous tents were pitched by both monarchs; the English king, according to the solemn etiquette of the day, receiving his young bride elect, at the foot of a temporary throne.

Magnificent presents were interchanged on the occasion; Charles, amongst other gifts, presenting his future son-in-law with two flagons of gold, garnished with pearls of price, and valued at that day at fifty thousand francs.

Isabella arrived on the ground escorted by a brilliant cavalcade of dames and demoiselles on horseback. These were preceded by bands of music; the van and rear being composed of barons and chevaliers of the highest distinction.

Arrived at the pavilion of the English king, she was formally presented by the Dukes of Orleans, Berri, and Burgundy; when she prostrated herself at the foot of his throne once, and a second time; when

Richard descended, raised her tenderly, and took her to his arms. Charles then said to him, "My son, behold my daughter that I promised you; I leave her with you, and pray you to love her as your wife."

Isabella then embraced her father and her two uncles, and was conducted to Calais in a litter canopied and draped with crimson velvet, profusely embroidered with gold.

A princely banquet was then served in the tent of the French king, counts of royal blood, together with the two uncles of Charles, performing the office of attendants.

It has been asserted, that Richard II expended no less a sum than 300,000 mares on the occasion of his marriage at Calais; a succession of *fêtes* and rejoicings having followed the ceremony, of a very costly description.

The whole English court was present when William Courtenay, archbishop of Canterbury, married the royal pair; the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester being charged, on the completion of the ceremony, with the safe convoy of the French King to the gates of Ardres.





CHAPTER XIX.

The Sands of Calais—Duelling—The High Court of Chivalry in
1346—The Ancient Church of St. Peter's.



WHEN the waters of the Channel are at ebb, the sands of Calais stretch away to the N. and N.E. in waste and drear perspective. A more unbroken monotony of scene can scarcely be imagined than they present at dead low water, especially when the angry distant sea breaks mournfully on the ear, and the sands are shrouded partially by the haze of early morn or twilight.

Even with a meridian sun and a summer's sky, the coast scene here away, unrelieved as it is by the low cliffs and sandy hummocks, is eye wearying, and desert in the extreme.

And yet, despite of these unpromising features to the prospect, these sands have oft been the arena whereon stirring and deadly scenes have been enacted.

In former years, when the despicable practice of duelling was rife in society, this was the favourite rendezvous to the English belligerents, to whom twelve paces in their own country were debarred by the intervention of the law.

Here the Calaisians too, native as well as *émigré*, have often met in mortal combat, when the scenery we have described must have assumed an aspect as blank and cheerless as the grave.

Amongst the many deeds of *polite murder* that have been done on the sands of Calais, the death of a sojourner in the town, named Rook, at the hands of the exiled desperado, Montague, but a few years ago, may be cited as an instance of cool atrocity.

After a night of play and debauchery at the house of fat Philips in the *Rue de Croy*, where the quarrel over the cards occurred, a meeting was arranged between the notorious *Chevalier d'Industrie*, Mr. Bertie A——, and old Drury of the Marines; the former acting for Rook, and the latter for Montague, in the capacity of seconds.

After “killing their man,” and leaving him a pace or two above high-water mark, the survivors returned to breakfast; the surgeon to the party, on being interrogated by a friend as to the motive for his early rising, replying coolly, “that he had been *enjoying a little rook shooting!*”

We gladly dismiss any further mention of these sad yet contemptible episodes of the sands of Calais though many might easily be recounted, with our unqualified expression of abhorrence at the false, absurd, and execrably selfish code of duelling.

Let us rather endeavour to take a glance at a scene of another order, when a high court of chivalry was

held on the sands in question, before William Bohun, Earl of Northampton, high constable of England, and Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, earl marshal, to adjust a disputed claim to the rights of blazon, and the bearing of certain insignia in arms, the same having arisen between Nicholas Lord Burnel, and one Robert de Morley, both engaged at the time with Edward III, at the siege of Calais.

It is recorded, that when the English host mustered on the plain of St. Pierre, preliminary to the investment of the place, the two knights at issue appeared arrayed in the same arms; the banners of their respective retinues being likewise similarly emblazoned.

On beholding the cognizance of his house, thus borne by a stranger, the fiery baron, whose eye flashed with indignation through the bars of his helmet, instantly dashed from the assembled ranks, and challenged his insignia in right of his barony of Burnel; Sir Peter Corbett, of his train, at the same time defying the knight, who had appropriated his leader's arms without pretence, to mortal combat.

The reply of De Morley, who had been an esquire to Sir Edward Burnel, brother to the baron, was, that "He had assumed the arms through his own will and pleasure, and was prepared to defend his so doing." Whereupon a duel, *à l'outrance*, would have been inevitable, had not Edward interposed his

authority, and commanded that the high court of chivalry should be held in its stead.

This gorgeous assize of knighthood lasted several days; and, as we have asserted, was held on the strand of Calais, the whole court being doubtlessly clad in mail, and mounted on their steeds of war.

During the investigation of the rival claims, through the cross-examination of Clarencieux, Norroy, Rouge Dragon, and Windsor heralds, habited in their tabards, De Morley, apprehending that the cause would go against him, took the opportunity, when in the king's presence, to swear "by God's flesh, that if the arms in question were adjudged from him, he would never arm again in his service."

On hearing this, Edward, out of regard for the signal services performed by De Morley in these arms, and considering at the same time the right of the Lord Burnel to them, became desirous to end the dispute with as little offence as possible to either party, and thus retain the fealty of two distinguished cavaliers.

To this end he sent the Earl of Lancaster and other lords to the chafing baron, with an earnest request that he would permit his adversary in the knightly suit to bear the arms in litigation for his own life only, and this "out of respect for himself, as his king and loving friend."

To this request, the partially pacified noble assented, solely through the love and duty he bore his sove-

reign, when the earl marshal and high constable gave judgment accordingly.

The sentence was delivered by these high functionaries in person, in the ancient church of St. Peter, situated at *St. Pierre-lès-Calais*, the heralds afterwards proclaiming it to the whole assembled army.

In concluding this interesting "historical anecdote of heraldry and chivalry," we may state that Robert de Morley was seized with his last illness in Burgundy, in the year 1360, when the English army was on its return from the blockade of Paris.

Feeling the approach of death, he directed that his banner, bearing the arms of Burnel, should, upon his decease, be delivered to Nicholas, Lord Burnel, in pursuance of the judgment passed in the high court of chivalry, held on the sands of Calais: and accordingly, his banner-bearer, having in his hands the banner rolled up, delivered the same to the Lord Burnel, in the presence of numbers of the nobility, convened to witness the ceremony.

The Lord Burnel died in the year 1382, and was buried at Acton Burnel Church, under an altar tomb, with a brass plate inlaid in it, bearing the figure of an armed man, and the following inscription:—

"Hic jacet, Dominus Nich. Burnel, miles Dominus
di Hol. Got. qui obiit 12 die Jan. A.D. 1382.
Cujus anima proprietur. Amen."

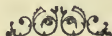
The ancient church in the lower town of Calais,

dedicated to St. Peter, wherein the sentence of the high court of chivalry was proclaimed in the year 1346, and within whose walls the banquet given by Henry VII to the Duke of Burgundy, was held in 1500, to which we have alluded in the seventh chapter of this work, is supposed to have been originally built in the year 653, through funds contributed by the abbey of St. Bertin, at St. Omers.

It was burnt by the barbarians in 881, and afterwards rebuilt, it being the only parish church for the *faubourg* and town of Calais, until the year 1224; when Adam de Montreuil, thirty-sixth bishop of Théroüane, commenced the church of St. Nicholas, the origin of the one dedicated to Nôtre Dame being a mere matter of tradition, though the credit of its completion is generally allowed to be due to the English.

The most striking feature to the old church of St. Peter in the *Basseville*, is the pure Norman keep-like tower, with its four turreted quoins and battle-mented parapets.

Low and square, and almost stern in its age-worn features, it looms more as the stronghold to the barony, than as the peaceful temple usually typified in a "village church."





CHAPTER XX.

The Villages and Ancient Châteaux of Sangatte, Coulogne, Marck, Escalles, and Hâmmes.



DURING the occupation of Calais by the English, several very unimportant villages at the present day possessed strongly fortified châteaux, that were duly garrisoned, and intrusted to men of considerable distinction.

These neighbouring townships were regularly ceded to Edward III by the French king and his son; the English monarch being proclaimed, "Liege Lord and Sovereign over the town and castle of Calais, with the marches to the same, as well as over the *Seigneuries* of Sangatte, Hâmmes, Coulogne, Wael-dame, Marck and Oye; with all the lands, woods, marches, rivers, rents, revenues, seigneuries, advou-sons to churches, and all appurtenances whatsoever."

To these possessions were added, in 1351, the town and whole county of Guîsnes, with all the châteaux, fortresses, forests, *hommages*, *droits*, and *hommes seigneuries*, precisely as if in the tenure of the original *Compte de Guîsne*.

The village of Sangatte, or Sandgate, situated about

a league to the westward of Calais, on the Channel shore, is evidently of very remote origin; tradition asserting there to have been a very ancient château that was destroyed, according to Lambert of Ardres, by the Normands, in the year 882. On the ruins of this fortress, Baldwin II, the tenth Count of Guîsnes, erected a strong castle in 1190, composed principally of a high tower, or donjon-keep, surrounded by walls and deep triple *fossés*.

This stronghold was destroyed, in 1214, by Fer-rand, Count of Portugal; was reconstructed a short time afterwards by the house of Guîsnes, and was inhabited by the Queen Philippa, of England, and her suite, after landing at Wissant, to join Edward at the siege of Calais.

Sangatte castle was thoroughly fortified in 1354, by the orders of the English king, and was finally razed to the ground by the Duke de Guise in 1558, hardly a trace being left of the interesting old pile.

In the palmy days of the old château there existed, on the rising ground in its vicinity, an ancient church, dedicated to St. Martin, that suffered equally from the attacks of the sea and armed men, till at the present day scarcely a vestige of it remains. The head of the submarine electric telegraph, from Dover to the French shore, is secured at Sangatte. Coulogne, one of the outposts to the English pale, is a pretty village, situated also about a league from Calais, towards the S.S.E., and, in former times, possessed a

fortress built of undressed stone, in the form of a square tower, or keep, surrounded by a deep moat, traces of which, a short time ago, were visible.

An angle of the main tower also existed some few years since, together with the *escalier* in brick, by which it was mounted.

In 1039, according to Lefebvre, Eustache Count of Boulogne, gave the manor of Coulogne to the abbey of Samer, reserving only to himself the right of presentation to the cure.

In 1213, Ferrand de Portugal, Count of Flanders, ravaged the provinces of Artois and Picardy, and nearly destroyed the château of Coulogne.

Edward III repaired and fortified it in 1351, the fortress being duly garrisoned and governed by the English till the year 1558, when, in common with the neighbouring strongholds, it was dismantled and levelled to the ground.

Of these, probably the most important, from its vicinity to the Flemish frontier, was the village of Marck, situated on a flat and sandy *plateau*, about two leagues to the eastward of Calais.

The ancient name of this place was *Mercurium*; Mercury, according to tradition, having had a temple erected on the present site of Marck.

In 826 an ancient and strongly-fortified château existed a little to the south, or south-eastward of the church, wherein dwelt the seigneur of the barony.

This fortress fell into the hands of the English in

1347, was captured by Desbordes, commandant of Ardres, in 1378, though it was speedily retaken by the Captain of Calais, and finally became a victim to the pioneers of the Duke de Guise.

Within the seigneurie of Oye, the next village to Marck, and also one of the English outposts, there were formerly no less than three fortalices, or strongholds of the day; namely, the *Château*, and the forts *Ecluse*, and *d'Aigue*.

The former was supposed to have been originally commenced by the Romans, and when completed, to have had the usual keep, flanked by two strong bastions, divided by a high curtain, facing the town of Calais; the whole environed by a double fossé.

In 1347, after the conquest of Calais and the Marches, the Château of Oye was occupied by English troops till the year 1436, when it was taken by the Duke of Burgundy, and all but razed to the ground. It was afterwards rebuilt, and held by a detachment from the garrison of Calais until the year 1558.

The most ancient of the villages bordering upon Calais, and one not the least interesting, from the fact of its having given the title of "Lord Scales" to the *beau-frère* of Edward III, is the hamlet of Escalles, situated about two leagues and a half to the W.S.W. of the former town, at the foot of Cape Blanez, or *Blanc Nez*.

This village is named in the earliest French histories; and is supposed to have possessed a parish

church in the year 670, built by the Count Walbert d'Arques.

In 1272, the place was noted for its manufacture of woollen and worsted goods; and after the winning of the territory by Edward III, was specially distinguished by the selection of its ancient name and *Seigneurie*, as a title to his own brother-in-law.

The name Escalles is supposed to be derived from the Latin *scala*, or *échelle*, an antique word amongst mariners signifying *port de mer*, probably given to the village from its proximity to the sea-coast, though there is no evidence of its having been a port, notwithstanding the vast changes that have occurred within the last few centuries in the rise and fall of the Channel; many places, now high and dry, far inland of its shores having had an *entrée* at high water for craft of considerable tonnage.

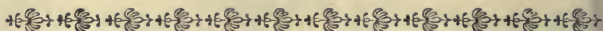
Not quite two leagues to the southward of Calais, lie the saline marshes of Hâmmes, a flat and desolate tract of snipe ground, once overflowed by the waters of the gulf *Itius* of the Roman era. On the edge of this *marais* is situated the village of Hâmmes, likewise one of the Anglo-Calaisian outposts for a couple of centuries, wherein stood a strongly fortified château, composed of the usual square donjon-keep, flanked by four towers with high curtains, which was the residence of the seigneur to the swampy barony. The fortress was defended exteriorally by a very deep moat, and was only approached by a causeway across

the morass, that could be easily removed or destroyed from within the fortifications.

This was the last post maintained by the English after the recapture of Calais, Lord Edward Dudley being in command of the garrison. Foreseeing the inevitable loss of his position, the English commander retired with his troops by night, and entered the territory of Philip the Second, King of Spain.

As we have before stated, the castle of Hâmmes was the fortress wherein George Neville, Archbishop of York, was imprisoned by order of Edward IV; its final downfall, as with the rest of the places noticed in the present chapter, being accomplished by the all-powerful Balafgré, the illustrious Duke de Guise.





CHAPTER XXI.

Review of the English occupation of Calais—The Schism in the Municipality—The capture of Calais by the Duke de Guise—The terms of Capitulation—The detected Conspiracy.



HE unmolested occupation of a seaport town, and extensive adjacent district in one of the most warlike and powerful kingdoms of Europe, by a handful of foreign troops and emigrant residents, and that too, for considerably more than two centuries, must ever remain a singular episode, if not an enigma, in the histories of France and England.

That Edward III was instigated to the siege and capture of Calais, in the first instance, mainly from his resolve to exterminate the nest of pirates, who issued from its defences on the Channel, and that no political motive influenced him at the time, is as true, as that he afterwards foresaw the great gain to his exchequer in maintaining the post as a port of *entrée* for his manufactures into the Low Countries, as well as for the uninterrupted debarkation of his forces as the occasion required.

This policy, carried out with great determination

and vigour, served to turn the conquest of a small piratical town, in itself, though walled, garrisoned, and fortified but just previously, to far better account than was looked for at the outset of the expedition.

Though at a day when knight-errantry was infinitely more in vogue than any cares for commerce—if, indeed, the genius of mighty trade could be said to be fairly evoked at the time in England—we yet see a steadiness of purpose and sound protective policy carried out in the colonial government of Calais by Edward III and his advisers, that led to some of the results commented upon by Philip de Commines, in his notice of the woolstaple in that town, and bear the stamp of the wisest legislation.

Having the key to more than one country requiring clothing, cutlery and iron, the main products of his own, and, moreover, the power to fix his own tariff on the raw material of wool, if his foreign customers preferred it to the manufactured article, Edward *retained both*; and, as we have it recorded, greatly enriched the coffers of England through the mart and depôt he originally established at Calais.

Immense fortunes were realized by the merchants of the staple; one of their body of the name of Fermour, being, for some act of patriotism in money matters, exalted to the peerage, under the title of Lord Pomfret.

At length, after an almost fabulous retention of the place, the very easiness of tenure having led to its

consequent heedlessness and neglect of proper precaution, the Duke de Guise, a distinguished and highly talented soldier, being put in command of a powerful army, resolved upon the tardy recapture of Calais.

The two mayors of the town and staple had long been at issue on the score of precedence, a state of things which, naturally, through the division of their respective partizans, tended materially to lessen the *esprit de corps* of an isolated and emigré community, and, by consequence, to weaken it if attacked from without; unanimity, in such a position being truly the only strength to be relied upon.

It appears that the jurisdictions of these two chief magistrates had clashed long and bitterly, to the great detriment of the general interest; the untimely variance between the heads of the municipality, having finally led to something very like disaffection amongst their followers.

The walls of the town, as well as many of the principal houses, had gradually, but seriously decayed during the last fifty years of our occupancy of Calais, the earnest memorial to Wolsey on the subject, addressed in the year 1518, by several of the council, having all but failed to draw the attention of the home government to it. The cardinal was then lord chancellor of the realm, and Sir William Fitz-William, knight, being not only mayor of the staple, but treasurer of the king's household at Calais.

The result of all this false security, mismanagement, and internal bickering, was the eventual and not particularly glorious surrender of a place we had taken and maintained in the face of more than ordinary difficulty.

The science of gunnery, too, had taken an immense stride since the primitive "bombards" of the Black Prince's time, when the celebrated Balafré, having, as it is said, entered and reconnoitred Calais, disguised as a peasant, and thereby detected its weakness and disorder, appeared early in the year 1558, before *La Chaussée*, one of the English outposts.

The garrison in charge of this place retired upon Fort Nieulay, which was next assaulted, and after a very respectable defence, carried by the Duke de Guise.

The capture of Sangatte followed, till the French army, with a heavy train of artillery, commenced the simultaneous investment of the Château and Fort Risban.

These two fortresses, carried and occupied by the enemy, and their guns turned upon the close adjoining town, Lord Wentworth, the then ruling deputy, sent a flag of truce to the French leader, and begged to capitulate.

From the account given of the capture of Calais in Hardwicke's State Papers, it would seem that the defences and resources of the town were equally insufficient to repel a far less force than the one

brought against it by the Duke de Guise, there not being even a ship of war on the station, or provisions in the different forts, sufficing for a month's siege.

Under these circumstances, the terms of capitulation made with Lord Wentworth may be considered as rather favourable than otherwise, great as was the individual loss to the merchants and other residents, from their total inability to quit the place by sea, owing to the extraordinary and culpable absence of everything like a fleet at a colonial port, always liable to be assaulted without warning, by numberless enemies on all hands of it.

These terms were, that the lord-deputy and fifty of his principal officers, including the Lord Grimston treasurer of the port, should remain prisoners of war and that the residue of the inhabitants should depart over sea, or into Flanders, at their pleasure; the garrison without arms or colours; and that the property in the town, of every description whatever, should be left at the disposal of the Duke de Guise.

Bernard says, the booty in gold, silver, and valuable merchandize, was enormous; and that all the common soldiers made their fortunes by the prize money allotted to them.

Thus ended our tenure of Calais during the reign of perhaps the most odious of its English *châtelains* namely, the bigoted and intolerant Romish Queen Mary.

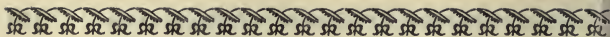
In the year 1563, a plot was detected in the newly

reconquered town, to restore it to the English, which so exasperated the authorities, that they summarily executed thirty-two of the conspirators, by hanging them in the night from the windows of the *Hôtel de Ville*.

From 1596-7, the Spaniards occupied Calais; the two provinces of Artois and Picardy especially being frequently overrun and ravaged by them; and, in fact, all but under their domination.

The act committed by them the most to be lamented, was the carrying off, or destruction of, the archives of the town, whereby many valuable links in its earlier history, prior to the occupation of the English, are unfortunately lost to us.





CHAPTER XXII.

The Lower Town of Calais—Notice of its Lace Trade—Our Commercial Relations with France.



THE *Basseville*, or lower town of Calais—its proper name being *St. Pierre-lès-Calais*—contains, at the present day, between 11,000 and 12,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are employed or interested in the manufacture of lace by means of machinery.

This graceful, fairy-like tissue has long been deemed an indispensable item of wear as well as ornament, in female attire; and since its supposed first introduction into France from Venice by Marie de Medicis, has proved the source of livelihood to thousands of lacemakers by hand, both in that country and England.

Lace making appears to have been originally introduced amongst ourselves by some refugees from Flanders, who settled near Cranfield, in Bedfordshire, the network having been made by bone bobbins on a pillow, the pattern and sprigs being worked by the needle.

As with most of the principal inventions in machinery, there are many rival and conflicting

claims to the merit of having first substituted it for hand labour in the production of lace; the legend being, that a frame-work knitter, or stocking maker in Nottingham, in the year 1770, of the name of Hammond, while regarding a piece of pillow-lace on his wife's cap, bethought him of trying whether he could imitate it by a modified action of his stocking frame.

With what degree of success the attempt was followed is not clearly stated; but in all probability it was more instrumental in spurring on the ingenuity of others, than in effecting the immediate object desired.

Tulle, the French word for lace, is derived from the town of that name, situated in the department of Correze, where the making of *dentelle* by hand, is supposed to have been originally attempted.

In the year 1816, Monsieur Thomason, associated with several Englishmen, of the respective names of Corbett, Black, and Cutts, introduced lace machinery at Douai, in the department Du Nord; though the merit of its introduction at *St. Pierre-lès-Calais*, with all the English improvement, is undoubtedly due to Mr. Robert Webster, a native of Holderness, in the East Riding of the county of York, who established himself in France in the early part of the year 1817.

The main difficulty in adapting machinery to the manufacture of lace, consisted in working in the device

with the net, or throwing the design upon it, so as to give it the same effect as if sketched and embroidered by hand.

This was at last effected by the agency of wheels invented at Nottingham; upon which the celebrated *Jacquard*, of Lyons, improved, by the contrivance, bearing his name, that did away with the wheels, and served to perfect the delicate and complicated machine, now used generally in the lace trade.

Indeed, the works of a chronometer are not more beautiful and true, nor yet by far so expensive, as the machinery in question, £500 being a common price for a frame of the best description.

From these costly looms, a tissue with a warp and weft of a cobweb-like texture, strewed with flowers and foliage in every fantastic guise, is turned off with as much ease and precision, as in the weaving of a bolt of single canvass.

In Calais and the *Basseville*, with their *communes*, there are 143 master workers of lace; more than two-thirds of that number being located at St. Pierre. Of these, again, probably some fifty are English.

The value in factories, machines, and fixtures at the latter place, was estimated before the Tribunal of Commerce at Calais, as bordering upon ten millions of francs; the amount of product, or the gross sum turned over in the trade, being stated rather to exceed that sum annually.

English yarn—as with every admitted (!) article in

which we excel—despite our boasted era of *freedom* in trade! pays a duty on entering into France of 25 to 30 per cent., according to the number of the cotton; whilst the impost upon French lace on coming into England, is but a nominal one.

In no one of the cutler's shops in Calais, or indeed in France, is it *possible* to make purchase of a Sheffield knife.

Equally *impossible* is it to buy a new English saddle, bridle, or horse-rug, a yard of West of England or Yorkshire cloth, a piece of Irish linen, a Rochdale blanket, a Wedgewood plate, or a morsel of Welch flannel, or Scotch tweed, or tartan; all being *prohibited* articles throughout the length and breadth of France; not a bale or an odd crate being suffered to enter, even in exchange or barter for any portion of the ship loads of flour; daily invoiced at *revolution* prices to Mark Lane.

Could one of the long-mouldered chancellors of the ancient woolstaple at Calais take a stroll on the quai side of the port at the present day, and observe the entries made in the international ledger by the bearded gentry in uniform, called *douaniers*, he might be pardoned, if, in the simplicity of his notions regarding profit and loss, he shrugged his shoulders, and inquired "Where *our* gain lay in the account current?"

For shipping on board the old "Menai," or "Fame," he could not fail to notice *mountains* of

baskets, wains of cases filled with wines, silks, gloves, bonnets, shoes, stays, hats, eggs, paper-hangings, needlework, muslin and dried fruits, the lower holds being already filled with the produce of the *Pas de Calais*; the return in *gold* being insured to the French miller, on receipt of bill of lading by the consignee.

These few items in retail trade, traditionally supposed to have been produced to some extent and national benefit, amongst ourselves at a former day, are destined for the English market; the duty on them all, as with the *Basseville* lace, with the exception of that levied on the wine, being but an impost in name.

The French imports by the same vessels are *entirely* comprised in the couple of hundreds of British tourists with their baggage and quota of bright sovereigns for the respective hotels and rail, who are graciously permitted to have the regulation amount of linen and other under clothing, if duly "washed and marked;" but who are stringently made to pay a heavy *impost* upon an extra half-dozen pairs of stockings, a waistcoat piece, or a few squares of "brown Windsor," if such be discovered in their luckless *malles* or havresacks.

The French mail steamers plying between Dover and Calais, consume some 3000 tons of Welch or English coal per annum; one clause in the contract for 1851-2, specifying that the same shall be brought to the quai-side at Calais in *French bottoms only*; and

this, at a time when every British and colonial port is, if possible, made more free and advantageous to the French, as well as every other foreign flag than our own.

If such *be* the nature of the account current between the two countries—and, unfortunately, the truth of our statement cannot be gainsaid—we surely may ask, “how long is the experiment to be continued?” for to make such a one-sided traffic *pay*, would test the ability of a nation of alchymists in the arcana of trade and commerce.





CHAPTER XXIII.

Émigré Notabilities of Calais—The *Chambre Garnie* in the *Rue St. Michel*—The Honourables Charles and Harry Tufton—Captain Dormer and Edith Jacquemont—The Ups and Downs of Life—Beau Brummel—Jemmy Urquhart and his friend Fauntleroy—Nimrod—Messieurs Berkeley and Mytton—The Duchess of Kingston.



RE we dismiss our notice of our Channel *vis-à-vis*, Calais, we propose taking a glimpse at a few of its *émigré* notabilities of later years; not from any undue inkling for gossip, but through the honest desire to point a moral from the phases of real life, with its acmé of vicissitude, with which we have become acquainted whilst gleaning the foregoing scraps and incidents of an earlier day.

The close proximity to England, with its artificial and fearfully extravagant mode of life amongst its more gay or exalted classes, has long made even the dreary sands of Calais appear as a fragrant delta to the drifting lordlings of creation, as they struck out for them as the nearest point of refuge.

Once landed, and the narrow streets and humble, yet secure abiding places, have seemed a comparative paradise in brick and mortar to men who, but a

dozen hours previously, might have been seen flattening their high-bred noses against the plate-glass windows to the "Clarendon," the "Rag and Famish," or "Reform."

So, it is imagined, appeared the lowly *chambre garnie* at the corner of the *Rue St. Michel*; one dreary evening in the fall of the year 1822, when three members of the peerage were encountered by our piquant and esteemed *cicerone* of the *Place*, alternately twisting the string, by which a savoury goose was roasting before their parlour fire, the chill of November on the Channel shore tending to make the post of turnspit rather at a premium, than one of additional hardship.

A table, garnished with a yard of bread, a *litre* of brandy, platters, and knives and forks, stood in the centre of the apartment, which the fire and solitary candle served dimly to illumine.

A lady sat in one of the dingy *fauteuils*, enjoying the fun of the cookery, and laughing heartily as one or the other of the cavaliers of the kitchen spun the worsted to the primitive "jack," and essayed to baste the odorous, hissing bird.

The party consisted of the Honourables Charles and Harry Tufton, Captain the Honourable Evelyn Pierrepont Dormer, and the *chère amie* of the latter, Edith Jacquemont, of Valenciennes.

Having met at Calais at the lowest ebb of their several fortunes, the exiled quartette had taken rooms

and made a friendly mess of it, in the small apartment, *au seconde*, in the *Rue St. Michel*, their lives throughout having been a tissue of vicissitude and adventure.

Dormer, when in command of a troop of the 14th Dragoons, was taken prisoner in Spain; and on passing through Valenciennes, encountered Edith, then about fifteen years old, the daughter of the French colonel commandant of artillery, with her hands tied behind her back doing penance on the highway, by order of her ghostly mentor and confessor.

He was instantly struck by the singular beauty of the young *pénitente*—a dark-eyed, voluptuous brunette, with the complexion of our own clime;—and contrived to obtain an introduction, which soon ripened into an intimacy of the closest nature.

For Edith fell equally in love with the handsome dragoon, and required but little pressing to induce her to leave her home where she was undergoing the harsh and humiliating treatment alluded to, and join him in his wandering life and fortunes.

They first resided together at Verdun, where Dormer's great delight was to drive out to a neighbouring wood, light a bivouac fire, and cook a dinner for himself and Edith. He had a kind of *cuisine-cart*, fitted with all the essentials for preparing the meal, and was an adept in all the arts of high-bred vagabondage, and campaigning.

The gallant captain was eventually closely impris-

soned at Verdun ; but on the approach of the Allies, he and Edith were removed into the interior of France in an open cart, under escort, sleeping in a fresh prison every night.

Through their joint ingenuity and daring they ultimately escaped to England, when, on quarrelling with Dormer, in a moment of furious caprice, Edith ran off with a French count, one of their supping coterie, who, as a matter of course, soon turned her adrift in Paris without a *centime*.

A year or two afterwards she was discovered in one of the communes to the French metropolis, working at lace, having preferred this hard and ill-paid mode of gaining her bread to the more easy and degrading one of walking the Boulevards.

Upon learning the condition, and, truly may we add, comparative virtue of his former mistress, the kind-hearted Dormer, forgetting everything but her beauty, and the jolly *alfresco* banquets in the woods of Verdun, instantly remitted her a sufficient sum to enable his old love to join him in London.

They there very soon ran through every available, or rather obtainable shilling ; got deeply into debt, and escaped to Calais the day previous to the roasting of the goose in the *chambre garni* of the *Rue St. Michel* ; the two Tuftons, equally "over head and ears," and hunted to the water's edge, having crossed the Channel by the same vessel and joined their friends in the clouds.

Still the horoscope of the gallant and honourable captain hovered between a partial ascendancy and a total eclipse. Money, utterly unexpectedly, came to him when all but in the depths of despair, and he re-appeared on the "Mall," and ruffled it with the bravest.

These temporary funds were, however, soon squandered, and Dormer found himself effectually *in extremis*, with no Calais, this time, under his lee.

For, on entering his house, in Devonshire-street, on the very evening of giving a snug Christmas dinner to a few friends, he was summarily arrested on an infernal *Ca. Sa.*, for a large sum, that admitted of no compromise—the money or his body being the Shylockian alternative.

Not for an instant losing his *sang froid*, Dormer, whose fascinating manners made him an adept at persuasion, induced the sheriff's officertowait at dinner and hand him his champagne, as if one of the domestics to the establishment.

But ere the last course was concluded, a thundering knock at the street door resounded through the small mansion, and heralded the arrival of a courier, who presented a dispatch to the host at the head of his own table, of an emergency so pressing as to inform him he had succeeded to the title and estates by the death of his only brother, Lord Dormer, in Paris!

With, if possible, increased *nonchalance*, our friend the captain handed the letter over his shoulder to the attendant bailiff for his perusal, called for pen and

ink, and quietly drew a cheque on the back of it on Drummond's, for his demand, with a handsome fee for himself included; and then, slightly showing his teeth, dismissed him with an adieu! and waive of his white hand.

With this step to the front rank of society came the wish to restore the fair Edith to her friends at Valenciennes: my Lord Dormer, for that purpose, intrusting her to his friend, the Honourable Harry Tufton, who, as became an amorous cavalier, made love to his charge *en voyage*, and once again resided with her at Calais—only this time as her “protector.”

Here they were sometimes with, and not unfrequently without a dinner; Tufton, to whom Edith had given the £2000, presented to her by Dormer at parting, having crossed the Channel for the express purpose of “setting” it at a hell in St. James's, and lost every shilling in less than a night's play.

This mischance drove them to such extremity, that Edith, having encountered my Lord Lowther on the pier at Calais, was fain to make a trading voyage of it with that gallant noble to England.

She obtained considerable sums of money, besides valuable shawls and jewels, from his lordship—a terrible lady's man in his day—with which she returned to maintain Tufton at the “Dover Castle,” a small, dilapidated English *cabaret*, situated on the ramparts, whose bill of fare boasts, “Welch rabbits, Burton ale and tripe, as in England.”

In the meantime—ay, in an incredibly short one—Lord Dormer, our ex-captain of the 14th Dragoons and the cooker of his own goose in 1822, died without issue, though leaving some £50,000 of debt, in slight memento of his existence; money being no source of gratification to *him* beyond, apparently, the delirium attending its expenditure, and the embarrassment that its possession ever entailed upon him in the sequel!

The Honourable Harry Tufton eventually became Earl of Thanet, on the death of his elder brother Charles, and immediately furnished a superb *cottage ornée*, near St. John's Wood, for his fast friend in adversity, Edith Jacquemont, and settled upon her an annuity of £1500 a year.

In this luxurious retreat the beauty of Valenciennes closed her short and chequered life, at the early age of thirty-five, having had compressed in its twenty years, since her introduction in our narrative, an amount of vicissitude, as we have before said, more than sufficing for a generation of adventurers.

The second Lord Thanet, after leaving £4000 a year to a Mrs. Fuller, the fair, if frail successor to Edith, and the bulk of his fortune, amounting to £40,000 a year, to his illegitimate son by his French *blanchisseuse*, whom he allowed to take the name of Tufton, also died, not long ago in London, the title becoming extinct.

Thanet, as our amusing gossip of the *Place* at Calais

informed us, was a selfish bad fellow, whilst poor Dormer, though excessively weak and reckless, was good-hearted to a fault, and rejoiced in doing any one a service.

Both the Tuftons were *deténus* at Verdun, and became, as we have seen the alternate Earls of Thanet, and the possessors of Skipton and Appleby castles, as well as Hothfield House, in Kent, with a rent-roll exceeding £40,000 a year, after being long immersed in the lowest depths of poverty and humiliation.

So much for our vignette of the *Chambre Garnie* in the *Rue St. Michel*, at Calais, an illustration of actual life, as truthful as if thrown upon our page by the agency of the daguerreotype.

The celebrated Beau Brummel lived for thirteen years at Leleux's the bookseller's in the *Rue Royale*, now *Rue Nationale*, of whom too much has been written to admit of our doing more than name the fact, and record the reputation for good-breeding and gentleman-like bearing that he left behind him ere he quitted Calais for Caen.

The Beau was then in comparative, if precarious "feather," his rooms being elegantly if not fastidiously furnished in the style of Louis Quatorze, and his dinner supplied by Dessin.

His dress was also as faultless as in his palmy days; the impression he made upon the "Place," at Calais, being yet remembered by many of its present loungers. Brummel's mode of life, whilst residing at Calais,

was regular, if not dull and monotonous in the extreme, causing one to smile at the plastic nature of poor humanity, when *compelled* to adapt itself to circumstances.

His breakfast over, and the *Morning Post* perused, the ex-leader of English dandyism took a couple of hours to dress; then strolled on the "*Place*;" returned to his solitary dinner from Dessin's, and remained at home for the evening.

Occasionally he dined at Colonel Patterson's table; but of aught bearing reference to the boon of society, or gaiety, the broken Beau was utterly and irretrievably bereft.

After residing, and performing the functions of English Vice-consul at Caen, for some years, in the *Rue St. Jean*, the petted favourite of the hour, and leader of the absurdities of his day, died insane at the *Maison de Santé*, at the age of sixty-three.

In the *Rue des Maréchaux*, some few years ago, there dwelt a Calaisian notability of the name of Gordon, or, as he was familiarly called, Jemmy Urquhart, a pensioned clerk of the Navy Pay Office, who had squandered a fortune in eating, drinking, carriage horses, and the ring.

Involved in a perpetual coil of difficulty, Jemmy, to avoid being finally check-mated, crossed the Channel, and took refuge in Calais, where he soon became a general favourite, from his invariably gentleman-like and amusing deportment. For no one excelled

him in the rare art of telling a tale gracefully, yet with piquancy ; his memory being so good as to secure his audience from anything like a repetition of the same story.

He had a morbid *penchant* for executions ; his museum exhibiting a strange array of halters, fetters, and other sickening relics of the gallows.

Being a personal friend of Fauntleroy, the executed forger, Jemmy Urquhart practised the greatest act of self-denial ever recorded of him through life ; he having actually endeavoured to aid the wretched man to commit self-destruction in prison, and generously waived the gratification of seeing him “turned off.”

For this purpose he conveyed a quill full of prussic acid into Newgate, and begged Fauntleroy to make use of it when not noticed by the guards in his cell ; but the condemned and unnerved man fell upon Urquhart’s shoulder, and declared he had not the courage to commit the act, and that he must meet the fate that awaited him.

Whereupon, Jemmy, relieved from further qualms, and “actuated by the best motives,” hired a window immediately opposite the scaffold, and witnessed the last moments of his friend, as if assisting at the farewell appearance of some favourite actor !

Jemmy Urquhart’s next best pleasure to a “hanging match,” consisted in a little amateur cookery at his own, or any friend’s house, where he had the *entrée*.

To the dismay of the cook, he often arrived an

hour before the dinner hour, descended into the kitchen, tucked up his sleeves, and commenced some *recherché plat* of his own.

Yet, though he had a glorious appetite, and sometimes was so pressed as to be under the necessity of borrowing a franc to release a letter, he only eat once a day like a gentleman, and abhorred to the last everything low in society and politics, beer, and smoking.

During a dangerous illness, he coolly turned to the clergyman at his bedside, and asked him if he "knew the winner of the Derby?" the race having come off the day previously.

Jemmy Urquhart, as with most of the improvident and heedless, was ever ready to do another a service if it lay in his power, though his tongue was not the most discreet or harmless on occasion.

He lived in alternate perplexity and luxury, as his pension arrived and disappeared; and died from the effects of a fall down his execrable *escalier*, in the *Rue des Maréchaux*, in the 73rd year of his age. *Requiescat in pace!*

* * * * *

A friend of Urquhart, named Berkeley, also an *émigré* resident of Calais, was so deeply involved in debt in that town, that he was put under the closest surveillance; so close indeed, as to be subject to annoyance and *espionage*, if he ventured to set his foot near a steamer, or even the port.

He yet, under Jemmy's scientific tutelage, as it is believed, escaped to England in open daylight, and in the sight of hundreds of spectators.

Berkeley rode a nice chesnut cob, and every fine day laved his legs in the rippling tide, within hail of the prowling *douaniers*, as if doing a little equine-hydrotherapy, "quite promiscuously," as his groom might have expressed himself.

One fine breezy day, in early autumn, a Deal pilot-boat stood close in shore, as Berkeley took his accustomed ride, and was washing his pony's legs as usual at dead low water, having immersed him this time up to his girths; when, in an instant, he flung himself from his saddle, struck out vigorously, and was taken aboard by his confederates in the cruiser, in less time than it has occupied us in narrating the circumstance.

When the cob arrived at his stables, the friendly yaul was hull-down on the channel; the exploit of Master Berkeley being hailed at the *cafés* as a splendid *coup d'artifice*, and exquisite morsel of momentary gossip.

Mr. Apperley, the well-known sporting writer, who had assumed the title of "Nimrod," resided for several years in a very comfortable house, with gardens laid out in the English style on the banks of the canal, between Calais and the *Basseville*; and appears to have been equally respected and regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On the sad death of the young Duke of Orleans, poor Nimrod lost one of his most stanch patrons, and only survived him a few years; his days being shortened, as it is believed, by the mental anxiety he suffered on account of his pecuniary affairs.

As a delineator of "turf," "road," and "hunting" scenes, Mr. Apperley may fairly be said to have been unrivalled; it being the highest praise we can offer, to state that in all matters connected with the former, he never hesitated to denounce and expose the malpractices of that popular but ruinous species of gambling.

Berkeley Craven, who put an end to his existence a few years ago, in consequence of his losses on the Derby, resided for several years in the *Rue St. Michel*, at Calais.

"Jack Mytton," too, another victim to turf and play, was for some time a resident in the town, he having vacated it but to die of *delirium tremens* in the King's Bench.

The life and times of this last-named personage celebrated in his generation for an excess of eccentricity and recklessness, were given to the world by his friend Nimrod, and serve to show how speedily a man of his frame of mind, or rather deficiency in mental and reasoning power, may dissipate a princely fortune, ruin the most robust constitution, and die whilst in the prime of life, unconscious of everything but a sense of *horror*, incarcerated in a debtor's prison!

Fortunately for society, the comparative *éclat* with which such men pursued their headlong course to destruction a very few years ago, no longer accompanies the vagaries of the "Rapid family;" the "world," however it may lavish its pœans on successful charlatanry or artifice, having but one expression of contempt and ridicule for the escapades and fate of the mere fool and spendthrift.

La belle bigamiste, Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the Duchess of Kingston, lived for a length of time in the house once known as Robert's Hotel, and situated at the corner of the *Rue de l'Etoile*, overlooking the *Courgain*.

Having both money and liberality, the notorious duchess was esteemed one of the most fashionable *émigré* sojourners of Calais; her "little foible," as displayed in a *penchant* for a plurality of husbands, serving rather to give her an additional interest, than to detract from her grace's charms on the shady side of the channel.

"It was her *goût*," as the gay people said, amongst whom she had taken refuge; and who, in politeness, had any right to interfere with it?





CHAPTER XXIV.

Memoir of Lady Hamilton.



IN the official register of births and deaths for the town of Calais, is the following entry:—"A.D. 1815, *Janvier* 15. *Dame Emma Lyons, agée de 51 ans, née à Lancashire en Angleterre; domicilié à Calais, fille de Henry Lyons, et de Marie Kidd; Veuve de William Hamilton, est décédée le 15 Janvier, 1815, à une heure après midi au domicile du Sieur Damy, Rue Française.*"

And in the timber-yard, just without the fortifications, on the left hand of the stroller to St. Pierre, lie the remains of the unfortunate woman, whose death, in the language of the foreigner, is thus recorded.

The maison Damy, now Grandin, in a room of which poor Lady Hamilton breathed her last, is situated in the Rue Française, the street running parallel with the southern rampart and *fossé*, and is at present numbered 111.

From its aspect being due north, the house in question is as cheerless and dreary as can be well imagined; not-a ray of sunshine ever gladdens the

side of the street in which it is situated, or plays for an instant even in summer on the ever-shaded, cold-looking casements.

From the portal of this dismal abode, or rather refuge, in the month of January, with a black silk petticoat stitched on a white curtain thrown over her coffin for a pall, and a half-pay Irish dragoon to act as chaplain over the grave in the timber-yard, were the remains of *Nelson's most adored friend* removed to their final resting-place, under the escort of a *sergent de ville*!

If an Englishman of the least heart or sentiment were told that *Nelson's dog*,—peradventure, some noble, shaggy messmate of the Victory or the Vanguard,—lay buried in the public thoroughfare across which he stepped in his walk in a foreign land, he could not fail to halt, and muse, and moralize on a spot so hallowed by the mere association of the great seaman's name.

He might, possibly, regret that the bones of poor old "Boson" were not more congenially earthed; and that "no stone marked the spot" where the faithful friend of the victor of Trafalgar and the Nile was laid. This he might or might not do; but he *could not* pass the place with indifference.

And for Nelson's mistress—call her so if you will,—the beloved of *his* guileless and single heart, whatever the other "merits of the case," and the sharer of his undivided confidence, shall no particle of right

feeling be evoked as we pass her desecrated grave, and yield our thoughts to reverie and reflection?

Shall we be told *unmoved* by every French gossip, that the *bonne amie* of the saviour of our country, the invincible chieftain of the sea, died without the common necessities of life, and was buried at the expense of a town, every native of which had just cause to deem Nelson a mortal enemy, and be told this after reading the dying hero's last words, uttered in plaintive anguish to his friend and executor,—“*Blackwood, take care of poor Lady Hamilton!*”

Upon the ear of no government in the world, save our own, could such words at such a moment, and from such a man, have fallen still-born, as the town register of Calais *records* them to have fallen upon the adder-deaf minister, to whom they were conveyed by the gallant officer intrusted with them.

Our national humanity and respectability are so compromised through this not soon to be forgotten episode in the annals of Calais, that we willingly refrain from further comment; and conclude with a short memoir of the luckless lady whose name and sad fate have involuntarily called forth the foregoing remarks at our hands.

Lady Hamilton was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in the year 1764, and christened by the name of Emma. Her father was a labouring man, or peasant, of the name of Lyon, or Lyons, and died whilst his daughter was in a state of infancy. The

widowed mother of the little Emma, shortly after the death of her husband, removed to Hawarden, in Flintshire, where she supported herself and child by the industry of her own hands, though, to afford her anything worthy the name of instruction, was utterly beyond her power.

In after years—though Lady Hamilton contrived to correspond with the most notable people of her day,—by dint of unremitting attention to her self-improvement, joined to the gift of innate penetration and great womanly tact, she, nevertheless, felt deeply the disadvantage ever attending this loss of early schooling.

Unable to support her daughter in idleness, widow Lyons obtained for her the situation of nursery-maid in the family of Mr. Thomas, of Hawarden, the brother-in-law to Mr. Alderman Boydell. This man, Thomas, was one of those detestable domestic tyrants, who render the existence of their families and servants wretched beyond endurance; and appears to have treated the little nurse-maid with brutal harshness and cruelty.

No one in the least dependent upon him, could boast a day of uninterrupted tranquillity; and many a time the poor girl trembled in his presence, and sought relief only in her tears.

Obtaining a small sum of money, Emma Lyons made her way up to London in search of a more congenial situation, and found an asylum in the house

of Dr. Budd, where she again performed the duties of a nursery-maid.

Dr. Budd then resided in Chatham Place, Blackfriars, and was one of the physicians to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Emma's fellow-servant in the Doctor's establishment was a housemaid, who eventually became Mrs. Powell, the celebrated actress of Drury Lane Theatre; and when, many years afterwards, Lady Hamilton—then in the meridian of her power and beauty—visited Drury Lane with her husband, the admiration of the house was divided between the accomplished actress on the stage, and the no less fascinating one in her own box—the housemaid and nursery-girl of Chatham Place! a coincidence in the annals of domestic servitude that may safely be asserted to be without a parallel.

Leaving the service of Dr. Budd, Emma Lyons became the servant of all-work to a dealer in St. James's market, where her appearance and superior manners attracted the attention of a lady of quality, who offered her higher duties and better wages in her own establishment—terms that were too joyfully accepted.

The little Lancashire witch had now grown into a lovely, fine-formed woman, full of energy and animation, with great powers of mimicry, an exquisite ear for music, and excellent natural voice. The rose was all but full-blown, and only needed the plucking!

At the house of the lady with whom Emma now lived, Captain, afterwards Rear-Admiral John Willett Payne, was a frequent visitor. From constantly seeing the beautiful serving-maid, the gallant sailor soon fell over head and ears in love with her, and it being dangerous to his hopes to make her his wife, proposed that she should live with him as his acknowledged mistress—a connection at that day not looked upon with the same severe eye with which society now regards anything like an *open* delinquency against its code and proprieties.

Without education, and surrounded by flattery and dissipation, we must not wonder if the importuned serving-maid yielded to high-sounding overtures and solicitudes, against which her superiors in birth and attainments are not always proof.

She accordingly accepted the offer of protection from Captain Payne, though she shortly afterwards deserted him for that of Sir Harry Featherstonaugh, Bart., of Up Park, Sussex.

The baronet was a great lover of field sports, and as Emma Lyons excelled in whatever she attempted, she immediately took to riding across a country, and became one of the most expert and graceful horsewomen of the period. It was truly a sight for gods and men to see the beautiful creature, with her taper waist and beaming eye, seated firmly, yet gently bending to the gallant hunter, up to Sir Harry's weight, bounding under her at the tail of the hounds, or charging with his feather burden the rushing

brook, or bullfinch fence, or flight of double posts and rails !

But the canker was already in the rose ! Evil communication had speedily done its work ; and Up Park, under the influence of its new mistress, soon became a scene of headlong dissipation, that only for a very brief period preceded the total ruin of its owner.

Sir Harry being himself in need of a protector, his mistress found herself thrown upon the wide world, dishonoured and friendless.

Here her perfection in form, as well as face, stood her in virtuous need ; one Doctor Graham, a fashionable quack of the day, having hired her as an illustration to one of his lectures on “ Health and Beauty,” and at that time he might have sought the world round for one more apt, or enchantingly suitable to his purpose. These lectures were delivered at the Adelphi, and there can be no doubt respecting the form that threw life and attraction upon them.

Romney, the royal academician, pronounced the living model to be perfection, and took the bust and countenance of Emma Lyons for the subject of some of his most celebrated pictures.

Thus, the lovely victim to flattery and seduction, on meeting with her first great reverse, did her utmost to maintain herself by the most creditable and honest means at her disposal. During this period of her life, Emma Lyons contrived to cultivate her taste for music, and acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of the art of painting. “ In the first she attained

great practical ability: and, in the latter, displayed such exquisite taste in her random sketches, as to have furnished Romney with future details, both delicate and sublime; when working at one of his historical pictures."

"Hayley, the friend of Cowper, was one of our heroine's admiring friends, as well as Romney, the painter, and has left many sonnets, as the latter has bequeathed us portraits, in perpetuation of the loveliness that drove them both mad."

The acquisition of these accomplishments completed the charms of the syren of Preston, and amply, in the long run, replaced the loss of Sir Harry and the Captain.

The evil communication with such men removed, the manners of the once reckless beauty became less corrupt; whilst her mind, influenced by their intellectual successors, the artist and poet, put forth its latent energies.

She resolved to improve herself by study, and to turn to advantage, as the occasion afforded, her dearly-bought insight into the heart of man.

Pleasure and rule were still her aim and pursuit, as with the majority of her sex; but now she flew at higher game, and tasted the sweets of refinement and cultivation.

Whilst acting in the capacity of model or illustration to Dr. Graham, Emma Lyons became acquainted with a young man of birth and fortune, of the name

of Charles Francis Greville, the nephew of Sir William Hamilton, and famous for his fine taste in all objects of art and *vertù*.

Mr. Greville, like the gallant naval officer, Captain Payne, no sooner beheld the splendid example of health and beauty, than he became violently enamoured of her person. He continually hovered about her with attentions and assiduities, and finally made her an offer of his protection.

The girl liked the elegance and high fashion of her new lover, and believing the moment for self-advancement had arrived, accepted the home he placed at her disposal. Greville did more than make love to the mistress he had found in the Doctor's lecture-room, he attempted to cultivate still further the wild luxuriance of her great natural genius, and, to a certain extent, with signal success.

He provided her the best masters in music, painting, French and Italian; so that in a short time she spoke both those languages, and sang quite as well as the very first amateur performers.

At this time our heroine changed her name from Lyons to Harte, though for what reason we are uninformed. She also insisted upon her widowed mother sharing her good fortune, and being permitted to reside under the same roof.

Indeed, during every phase of her chequered life, she was never wanting in undeviating affection to her parent—a holy trait in character, that may fairly be

likened to a sunny ray falling on the deep shadows of her career.

From all we know of the domestic history of Greville and his mistress, we may safely state their lives to have been more happy than the nature of their connection would seem to warrant; bickering and heartburning being too often the sequel to illicit love and its uncertain ties, rather than the tranquillity and mutual esteem they really seemed to have enjoyed in their household.

And yet, despite this rosy-tinted horizon, a cloud, black and threatening, loomed heavily to windward, and finally broke upon the heads of the enamoured but offending pair.

In 1789, the affairs of Mr. Greville, like those of Sir Harry Featherstonaugh, fell into disorder, when he was compelled to reduce his establishment, call his creditors together, and, as a last misfortune, to part with his mistress. This was accomplished through a little family barter—a species of free-trade in the mart of Cupid—carried on to a considerable extent during the openly immoral eighteenth century.

It seems that Sir William Hamilton, K.B., our ambassador at the court of Naples, and uncle to Mr. Greville, had visited the house of his nephew, but to be consumed by the speaking eyes of the lady who did its honours.

Being remarkable for his fine taste and appreciation of everything relating to art, from a *cameo* to a *prima*

donna, the gay virtuoso, who so long had resided on volcanic ground, coveted the fine specimen of "health and beauty" he found in his relative's cabinet as he would have desired to possess the Carlo Dolce over his chimney-piece—if he found his entertainer in the mind to part with either.

In this gentlemanlike confidential spirit, the uncle and nephew discussed "the little matter" over their *Château Margaux*, whilst the fair subject of their chat delighted them with a sonata of Mozart's from the adjoining room.

As the coffee was announced, Sir William handed his host and relative a cheque for a very large amount, and the transfer of our Lancashire witch, from the cabinet of Mr. Greville to the possession of the Vice-President of the Dilettanti Club was completed!

There is little doubt but that Emma Lyons, or Harte, as she now styled herself, was well aware of the impression she had made upon the guest and kinsman of her protector; or that she saw intuitively that *he* was the man for her purpose.

No longer young, and under the dominion of his passions, it would be her fault if she did not share the ambassador's *name* as well as fortune, for the probability of which she readily acquiesced in the negotiation effected over the dining table.

Greville, too, was embarrassed, and could no longer keep his museum together; the uncle, *au contraire*, was wealthy, and still a collector of rarities; how then

could the little difficulty have been more delicately or prudently solved?

However, solved it was; and Sir William Hamilton, accompanied by his new purchase and her mother, now styled "Madame Cadogan," set out for his embassy at Naples.

"Upon the sunny and dissolute soil of Italy, Sir William and his mistress found a congenial home. The soft and southern sky seemed to give a voluptuousness to the already perfect form of the latter, and to render still more exuberant a spirit rich to overflowing in its passionate character and marvellous resources."

She was now in the midst of luxury and wealth, though still ever mindful of her studies and intellectual improvement. In this mental culture she was effectually aided by her accomplished protector, who completed the good work commenced by his nephew, Mr. Greville.

The progress, indeed, made by our heroine in every branch of the highest womanly accomplishments, under the guidance and tutelage of Sir William Hamilton, is said to have been extraordinary, and to have hastened his fixed determination to make her his wife.

This great change in the fortunes of the erewhile "nursery-maid," "amazon," "lecturer's model," and "transferred mistress," took place on the 6th of September, 1791, at St. George's Church, Hanover

Square: the Ambassador being in his sixtieth year, and the bride, after all the phases of life enumerated only in her 27th.

Society—base worshipper of Mammon!—welcomed the Ambassadors with open arms; though in a few short years, when bereft of every protector, and all but broken-hearted, it threw her back upon the world with disgust and virtuous indignation!

However, this is very briefly in anticipation. The “happy couple” returned to Naples, amidst the lamentations of fashionable life! and instantly received the cordial reception of Maria Caroline, the Neapolitan Queen, whose court was deemed in every way honoured by their presence.

Lady Hamilton soon became the most intimate friend and ally of the queen, and was not unfrequently her adviser in matters of state and difficulty, that were utterly beyond the comprehension of his sapient majesty, her husband.

It is not too much to assert, that these two women—one the sister of the unhappy Marie Antoinette, the other the nursery-maid of Mr. Thomas of Hawarden!—for years “wielded the destinies of Naples, and seriously affected the character of the wars that ended in the peace of Europe in 1815,” the very year when the latter was buried in the timber-yard at Calais.

It was in the year 1793, two years after her marriage with Sir William Hamilton, that the subject of our memoir first saw Lord Nelson.

He was then thirty-five years old, and Captain of the *Agamemnon* ; his chief, Lord Hood, stationed off Toulon, having detached him from the fleet with dispatches for the English ambassador at Naples. Nelson was commissioned, moreover, to press Sir William to hasten the promised Neapolitan troops to Toulon as quickly as possible, in order to guard the works surrounding the port—a matter on which Lord Hood entertained great anxiety.

The result of Captain Nelson's mission was in every way satisfactory ; 6000 troops were moved upon Toulon ; the most marked attention being paid to the naval envoy by the king and his ministers.

Sir William Hamilton, on returning to the embassy, after his first introduction to the bearer of his dispatches from Lord Hood, told his wife that he was about to introduce to her a little " thread-paper " of a man, who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become one of the greatest men that England ever produced. " I know it," said he, " from the few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world ! "

Nelson was introduced accordingly, and seems to have been impressed by the kindness of his reception, though little dreaming of the toils into which he had already entered, when, in the fleeting moment allowed by urgent duty, he encountered the woman destined to be his *fate* !

And *she*, after having had the Belvideres of fashion at her feet ; possessing, as she now did, rank, wealth, power, and respectability—the intellectual having ever predominated over her animal inclinations—how may we account for this mysterious movement of the heart, save by giving credence to the belief, that the “little thread-paper of a man”—the thunder of whose guns had startled the very spirit of the deep!—was intended for its true possessor by the inscrutable laws of Fatalism?

Be this as it may, the effect produced upon Lady Hamilton, then in the bloom of youth and beauty, by the middle-aged, already care-worn, slender form of the Captain of the *Agamemnon*, was as instantaneous as extraordinary.

Her most cherished habits of life underwent an immediate and permanent change ; her undivided sympathy for the future being identified wholly and solely with the career of the man whose mysterious influence bound her thus unaccountably to him.

The opera and all idle or uninfluential society were alike deserted ; for not even the charms of music, nor yet of the gay world—in both of which she so personally excelled—could divert her from the one great thought, how she might best spur Nelson on to victory, and turn the position she held at the court of Naples to his advantage. Nor was the day far distant ere that influence proved of vital importance to the interest of the British fleet ; when Lady Hamilton, in

1798, through her own energetic intercession, when every other appeal had failed, obtained leave for it to victual and water in the Sicilian ports, in defiance of the existing treaty with France, and thus enabled Nelson to continue his pursuit of the French fleet, which he fell in with, fought, and destroyed, on the glorious first of August, in the same year.

For five years the lovers were separated, though not for an instant did the *peasant's daughter* fail in her devotion to her absent sailor-chieftain, and his flag; for she laboured in her own peculiar sphere for their mutual advancement, with an earnestness as constant as it was impassioned.

Her personal regards for Nelson, great as they undoubtedly were, were in every way secondary to the absorbing interest she took in his deeds of gallantry and glory.

There is something so purely heroic in all this, as well as inexplicable, as to set at naught all the physiological theories extant, and to justify us in believing the mental *bias* of Lady Hamilton, to have inclined towards the most elevated and virtuous purposes.

The five years that had elapsed since the delivery of the dispatches from Toulon, by Captain Nelson to Sir William Hamilton, in 1793, to his return to the Neapolitan shores, ennobled and crowned with the bays of victory in 1798, were as an ordinary life-time in their startling incidents and effects.

The second time Nelson set foot in Naples, and

encountered his mistress, he was little less than a total wreck. At Calvi, in 1794, he conducted a siege, and lost an eye. At Teneriffe, his right arm was shattered, and amputated close to the shoulder. At the battle of the Nile he was wounded severely in the head. Incessant anxiety and watchfulness for his country's honour and welfare had blanched his brow, and shattered the "little thread-paper of a man" at the outset, till, on his return in triumph to his mistress, he seemed to be on the verge of an early grave.

Yet she proved herself a true woman, if an erring one, in her reception of the man she loved, and unhesitatingly and unequivocally forsook her all, to attend upon and worship him.

Sir William Hamilton appears to have been so far inoculated by the laxity of Italian morals, as to have rather countenanced than discouraged the connexion that ensued between his wife and Nelson; the latter having taken up his residence at the embassy in a very broken state of health, that was only restored by the unremitting and patient attendance of his lovely and loving nurse.

It is idle to attempt anything like a solution of the sentiments that gave root and stability to this extraordinary *liaison*, between a battered seaman devoted to his profession, and a beautiful woman of station, who had but just arrived at the limits of her utmost desires. The sacrifice on her part,

as we have just said, amounted to the forsaking of everything for the object beloved; whilst, as to Nelson himself, there is but little doubt that he was the slave of an "overpowering infatuation."

Without worldly knowledge, simple as a child, with a spirit as gentle as it was unsuspecting, he doated upon Lady Hamilton with a passionate ardour that concealed from his own upright mind the real and culpable character of his love, and rendered him regardless of consequences, if not insensible to them.

The Neapolitan breach of faith with France, in reference to the victualling and watering the British fleet, ultimately caused an open rupture between those countries. In the month of December, 1798, the French marched upon the capital, and compelled the king and queen to seek refuge on board Nelson's ship, the *Vanguard*, Sir William and Lady Hamilton accompanying them to Palermo.

In consequence of this hasty departure, the English ambassador lost property to the amount of £30,000; moveables belonging to his wife valued at £9000, being also sacrificed to lull suspicion; whilst the royal treasures and choice paintings were removed through a subterranean passage, under the direction of Lady Hamilton, and shipped on board the English men-of-war in the bay.

The royal property thus rescued literally from the fire, amounted to two millions and a half sterling in value.

Upon the return of the royal family to Naples, in the year 1799, Lady Hamilton is reproached with being concerned in the atrocious execution of the Prince Caraccioli, from the yard-arm of the Minerva frigate, though *how* she influenced the passing and carrying out of the sentence, in all the accounts we have read, we have never been able clearly to discern. The whole tenour of her life displays a disposition diametrically opposed to anything like deliberate cruelty; and we cannot but hope that the imputation of any English *woman* being admitted into the stern councils of *men* in matters of military execution, above all others, is as unfounded, as it reads to us *absurd*, on the face of it.

The execution of the Prince Caraccioli, caused the English government to recall its ambassador; and Nelson, more enthralled than ever, resigned his command, and returned to England with Sir William and Lady Hamilton.

The next five short years were crowded with eventful passages in the career of the subject of our memoir. In 1801, when living openly with Lord Nelson, he having separated from his wife, she gave birth to a daughter, named Horatia. In 1803, Sir William Hamilton died. In 1805, Nelson fell gloriously at Trafalgar, recording in his will the services performed by Lady Hamilton in behalf of the navy, and "leaving her as a legacy to his king and country;" the codicil being dated "on board the Victory, the 21st

day of October, 1805, then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles."

* * * * *

With the hope of giving weight to this affecting testamentary document, the dying chieftain of the sea repeated the old plaintive words recorded at the commencement of this memoir, namely, "*Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton; take care of poor Lady Hamilton!*" concluding by "thanking God that he had *done his duty.*"

The codicil proved waste paper; the last imploring accents of the *victor of Trafalgar*, passed into the wintry air; and Lady Hamilton, utterly bereft and unprovided for, knew not where to look for shelter or a friend.

The booming minute-guns and muffled bells of the Abbey and St. Paul's, announced to the lone woman that the remains of the sailor hero were being consigned to their last home; but she, who had nursed him in sickness, and inspired him to the good work, was left at her solitary hearth, with *his* child on her knee, uncared for and forgotten.

The *Reverend* William Nelson, the brother of the great admiral, succeeded to the title, and £120,000 of public money, and was, of course, "chief mourner;" the hue of his "cloth" forbidding everything like contact and contamination with a person who, however presentable, when protected and in fashion, was

far too shocking for polite life, when in bereavement and destitution.

Not far from the Merton turnpike, and within a few miles of London, there is to be seen a field upon which stood the home of Nelson and his mistress. It was left, with its liabilities, to Lady Hamilton, when she was obliged to take a hasty departure, and to seek for lodgings at Richmond.

She next occupied temporary apartments in New Bond Street, whence she was chased by importunate creditors, and for a time hid herself from the world. In 1813, she was imprisoned in the King's Bench, but was charitably liberated therefrom by a city alderman.

At length, threatened with arrest by her former *coachmaker*! in sickness of heart, and without funds, the unhappy woman escaped to Calais.

The closing scene to this stirring drama of life was eminently romantic and affecting; and being described to us by the gentleman already named in these pages, Monsieur de Rheims, from whom, and the chronicles of *fact*, we have gleaned the stray "heads" in the foregoing narrative, we have every right to believe its truthfulness.

An English lady in Calais, of the name of Hunter, was in the habit of ordering meat daily for a favourite dog, and was assured by the English interpreter, the father of our informant, when he met her in the

butcher's shop, that he knew a poor gentlewoman, residing in the *Rue Française* who would be glad of the worst bit of meat provided for the pampered animal.

To the humanity of Mrs. Hunter, Mr. De Rheims was indebted for the permission to supply the poor invalid with *bread*, till she was too ill to partake of it longer; the name of the tardy benefactress being kept in secrecy from the recipient of her bounty.

The "poor gentlewoman's" name was "Emma Hamilton," the *bonne amie* of *Nelson*! as Monsieur de Rheims expressed himself, who having barely exceeded the term of middle age, and beautiful even in death, died destitute and broken-hearted, on the 15th of January, 1815, and was buried in the timber-yard at Calais.



Note.—Amongst the many sources from whence we have derived information, whilst compiling our own glimpse at Calais, was a volume of fragments put into our hands by Monsieur de Rheims, bearing reference to the town, in which we met with (in French) the legend of the English archer, Lancaster, given in the “Surprise of the Château of Guîsnes,” and an “Account of Lady Hamilton,” extracted, apparently, from some “sketchy memorial” of the hour, penned long antecedently to any of the biographical notices that have since made their appearance.

APPENDIX.

A ROLL OF THE PERSONS AT THE SIEGE OF CALAIS, IN 1346.

Extracted from the Harleian MS., No. 3968, in British Museum.

NOMINA et Insignia principalium Prefectuum tam
Nobilium quam Militum qui cum Invictissimo
Principe E. 3. fuerunt in obsidione Callisia in Gallia,
Anno regni sui 20. dinnoqz Domini 1346.

The PRINCE of Wales	1
The DUKE of Lancaster	1
The BUSSHOPP of Durham	1
ERLES of England	12
ERLES of Almayne	2
BARONS and Banneretts	78
KNIGHTS Bachelors of England	975
KNIGHTS of Almayne	81—* 1165

Edwardus Walliæ PRINCEPS.	{	Princeps	.	.	1
		Banneretti	.	.	11
		Milites	.	.	102
		Armigeri	.	.	264
		Sagittarij equites	.	.	384
		Sagittarij pedites	.	.	69
		Capellani	.	.	1
		Chiurgij	.	.	1
		Vexillarij	.	.	5
		Vinarij	.	.	25
		Pedites	.	.	480
		Clamatores	.	.	1 — 1376

* The totals are given as in the MS.

Henricus Lancastriæ, DUX. COMES.	{	Comites . . .	2	
		Banneretti . . .	11	
		Milites . . .	193	
		Armigeri . . .	512	
		Homines ad arma . .	46	
		Sagittarij equites . .	612	— 1376
Will'mus DE BOHUNE COMES. Northamptonia.	{	Will'mus Comes ibm	1	
		Banneretti . . .	2	
		Milites . . .	64	
		Armigeri . . .	112	
		Sagittarij . . .	161	— 302
Thomas BEAUCHAMP, Comes Warwici.	{	Comites . . .	1	
		Banneretti . . .	3	
		Milites . . .	41	
		Armigeri . . .	106	
		Sagittarij equites . .	154	— 305
Ricardus COMES, Arundeliæ.	{	Comites . . .	1	
		Banneretti . . .	3	
		Milites . . .	41	
		Armigeri . . .	106	
		Sagittarij equites . .	154	— 305
Johannes de VERE. Comes Oxon.	{	Comites . . .	1	
		Banneretti . . .	1	
		Milites . . .	22	
		Armigeri . . .	44	
		Sagittarij equites . .	63	— 131
Will'ms CLYNTON. Comes Huntingdoniæ.	{	Comites . . .	1	
		Banneretti . . .	2	
		Milites . . .	30	
		Armigeri . . .	93	
		Sagittarij equites . .	98	— 224
Robertus VFFORD, Comes Suffolciæ.	{	Comites . . .	1	
		Banneretti . . .	1	
		Milites . . .	37	
		Armigeri . . .	96	
		Sagittarij equites . .	63	— 109

Laurenci HASTINGE, Comes Pembrochiæ.	{	Comites . . .	1		
		Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	38		
		Armigeri . . .	96		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	123	—	259
COMES Kildare, in Hibernia.	{	Comites . . .	1		
		Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	38		
		{ Sagittarij equites vulgo Hobileri }		—	63
Hugo le SPENCER, Comes Gloucestr.	{	Comites . . .	1		
		Banneretti . . .	2		
		Milites . . .	40		
		Armigeri . . .	96		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	95	—	234
COMES de Holstain.	{	Comites . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	51		
		Armigeri . . .	184		
		Pancores . . .	154	—	390
Comes de Frayburghe.	{	Comites . . .	1		
		Milites . . .			
		Armigeri . . .			
		Pancores . . .		—	435
Will'mus ISLIPP, Custos privat' Sigilli.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	17		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	4		
		Sagittarij pedites . . .	20	—	42
Will'mus THORSBY, tunc nup' Custos suisdem Sigilli.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	30		
		Sagittarij pedites . . .	36	—	69
Thomas HATFIELD, Episcopus Dunelm.	{	Banneretti . . .	3		
		Milites . . .	18		
		Armigeri . . .	163		
		Sagittarij . . .	80	—	294

Ricardus Baro'	{	Banneretti . . .	1
TALBOTT,		Milites . . .	14
Scenescallus		Armigeri . . .	92
hospitij Regis.	}	Sagittarij . . .	82
Barthu's	{	Banneretti . . .	1
BURWASH,		Milites . . .	26
Regis		Armigeri . . .	80
Cameravius.		Sagittarij equites . . .	58
	}	Sagittarij pedites . . .	19
Walterus WETWAG,	{	Banneretti . . .	1
Miles		Milites . . .	2
Theseaurarus		Armigeri . . .	25
Guerræ.		Sagittarij equites . . .	36
	}	Sagittarij pedites . . .	35
Radulphus	{	Banneretti . . .	3
baro		Milites . . .	30
STAFFORDE.		Armigeri . . .	92
	}	Sagittarij equites . . .	90
Mauricius	{	Banneretti . . .	1
BERKLEY		Milites . . .	6
Miles.		Armigeri . . .	32
		Sagittarij equites . . .	29
	}	Sagittarij pedites . . .	2
Joh'es	{	Banneretti . . .	1
MAUTRAVERS		Milites . . .	2
Miles.		Armigeri . . .	20
	}	Sagittarij equites . . .	19
Radulphus	{	Banneretti . . .	1
FERRERS,		Milites . . .	3
Baro de Chartley.		Armigeri . . .	25
		Sagittarij equites . . .	31
	}	Sagittarij pedites . . .	3
Joh'es LISLEY,	{	Banneretti . . .	1
Ald' de Insula		Milites . . .	6
Miles.		Armigeri . . .	11
	}	Sagittarij equites . . .	13

Robertus MORLEY, Miles.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	1
	Armigeri . . .	9
	Sagittarij equites . .	25
Will'mus FITZWAREN, Miles Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	1
	Armigeri . . .	10
	Sagittarij equites . .	9
Henricus DAYNCORT, Miles Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	1
	Armigeri . . .	2
	Sagittarij equites . .	3
Henricus ENGAYNE, Miles.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	2
	Armigeri . . .	4
	Sagittarij equites . .	8
Henricus TYAS, Miles Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	2
	Armigeri . . .	2
	Sagittarij equites . .	4
Rogerus STRANG, Miles.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	1
	Armigeri . . .	5
	Sagittarij equites . .	7
Theobald ROCHCOURT, Miles.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	1
	Armigeri . . .	2
	Panecosci . . .	10
Edmundus MONTAGUE, Miles quasi Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Milites . . .	9
	Armigeri . . .	15
	Sagittarij equites . .	20
Joh'es HOWARDE, Miles Admiral quasi Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1
	Armigeri . . .	6
	Homines ad arma . .	36
	Sagittarij equites . .	35

Joh'es DARCYE, quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	13		
		Armigeri . . .	20		
		Sagittarij equites . .	35		
Michael Poyningz, Miles quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	6		
		Armigeri . . .	23		
		Sagittarij equites . .	13		
Joh'es BEAUCHAMPE, Miles frater Comites Warwici.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	13		
		Sagittarij . . .	13		
Egidius BEACHAMPE, quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	5		
		Sagittarij . . .	6	—	13
Rogerus BEAUCHAMPE, Comites Som'sett, quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	2		
		Armigeri . . .	5		
		Sagittarij . . .	9	—	17
HUGO HASTINGES, quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	5		
		Armigeri . . .	37		
		Sagittarij equites . .	32	—	75
Robertus MAWLEY, Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	5		
		Armigeri . . .	9		
		Sagittarij . . .	15	—	30
Thomas HOLLAND, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	4		
		Sagittarij . . .	4	—	9
Otho HOLLANDE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	3	—	4

Hugo SPENCER, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	4		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	4	—	9
Fulco De la FRAIGN, Hibnicus quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	18		
		Hobileri . . .	14	—	34
Thomas BRADSTON, quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	6		
		Armigeri . . .	24		
		Sagittarij . . .	30	—	61
Joh'es STREBLIN, quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .			
		Milites . . .			
		Armigeri . . .			
		Sagittarij . . .			
Joh'es MONTGOMERY, Miles quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	8		
		Armigeri . . .	30		
		Sagittarij . . .	30	—	69
Thomas LORTHOME, Miles quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	8		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	34	—	44
Thomas VGHTRD, Miles quasi Baro.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	6		
		Armigeri . . .	17		
		Sagittarij . . .	23	—	44
John Lorde LOVEDALE, de Brabant Miles.	{	Banneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	4		
		Armigeri . . .	12		
		Sagittarij . . .	16	—	23
Johannes BRUSE, Miles quasi Baro.	{	Sanneretti . . .	1		
		Milites . . .	6		
		Armigeri . . .	13		
		Sagittarij . . .	20	—	40

Will's VORNEY, de Normandy, Miles.	Banneretti . . .	1		
	Milites . . .	4		
	Armigeri . . .	15	—	19
Will'mus KIDESBYE, Miles quasi Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1		
	Milites . . .	3		
	Armigeri . . .	73		
	Sagittarij equites . . .	11		
	Sagittarij pedites . . .	68	—	156
Johannes DARCY, pater Milites quasi Baro.	Milites . . .	12		
	Armigeri . . .	68		
	Sagittarij . . .	80	—	160
Waltherno de MANNEY, Miles volut Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1		
	Milites . . .	19		
	Armigeri . . .	91		
	Sagittarij equites . . .			
	Sagittarij pedites . . .		—	326
Reginaldus COBHAM, Miles volut Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1		
	Milites . . .	6		
	Armigeri . . .	25		
	Hobileri . . .	19		
	Sagittarij equites . . .	24		
	Sagittarij pedites . . .	32	—	127
Andreas MONTHALT, de Masenden Miles.	Banneretti . . .	1		
	Milites . . .	1		
	Armigeri . . .	11		
	Hobileri . . .	5		
	Sagittarij equites . . .	5	—	23
Joh'es SHIRBORN, Miles.	Milites . . .	1		
	Armigeri . . .	3		
	Sagittarij equites . . .	3	—	7
Henricus FLANDER, Miles quasi Baro.	Banneretti . . .	1		
	Milites . . .	4		
	Armigeri . . .	25		
	Paveri . . .	16	—	46
Will'us WARREIN, Miles.	Milites . . .	4		
	Armigeri . . .	15		
	Sagittarij . . .	15		
	Wallici . . .	8	—	42

Amyan BRETT, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	3		
		Armigeri . . .	12		
		Hobilieri . . .	17	—	32
Joh'es COBHAM, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	30		
		Sagittarij . . .	33		
		Wallici . . .	19	—	83
Tho's. BEAUMONT, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	7		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	5		
		Sagittarij pedites . . .	2	—	15
Thomas SWYNERTON, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	2		
		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	4	—	8
Joh'es RADCLIFFE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	2		
		Armigeri . . .	12		
		Sagittarij . . .	14	—	28
Nicolaus LANGTON, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	3	—	6
Gilbertus TURBEVIL, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	8		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	8	—	17
Joh'es CAREWE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	8		
		Sagittarij . . .	11	—	20
Robertus DALTON, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	4		
		Sagittarij . . .	8	—	14
Will'us FRANCKE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	6		
		Armigeri . . .	24		
		Sagittarij . . .	20	—	50
Ric'us DAMEROY, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	6		
		Sagittarij . . .	6	—	13

Warrenus TRUSSELL, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	2	
		Sagittarij . . .	2	
Ricardus de la VACHE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	4	
		Sagittarij . . .	5 —	10
Thomas BOURNE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	4	
		Sagittarij . . .	6 —	11
Joh'es LEWKNOR, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	3	
		Sagittarij . . .	4 —	8
Joh'es BROCKAS, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	14	
		Sagittarij . . .	24 —	39
Nicolaus STAPLETON, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	4	
		Sagittarij . . .	6 —	11
Joh'es BARKLEY, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	3	
		Sagittarij . . .	4 —	8
Will'us CORDER, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	4	
		Sagittarij . . .	4 —	9
Guido de BRYAN, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	6	
		Sagittarij . . .	6 —	13
Hugo COURTENEY, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1	
		Armigeri . . .	8	
		Sagittarij . . .	8 —	17
Stephan. WALLYS, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	2	
		Armigeri . . .	4	
		Sagittarij . . .	13 —	19

Thomas LANCASTER, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	5	—	8
Joh'es RAVENSHOLME, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	2	—	3
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		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	10	—	13
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		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	3	—	6
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		Sagittarij . . .	4	—	7
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		Armigeri . . .	1		
		Sagittarij . . .	2	—	4
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		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	3	—	7
Thomas HOGGESHAGE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Hobileri . . .	3		
		Armigeri . . .	1		
		Sagittarij . . .	3	—	8
Allane CLAVERINGE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	3		
		Sagittarij . . .	3	—	7
Will'us TRUSSELL, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	4		
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		Sagittarij . . .	18	—	31
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		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	3	—	6

Joh'es COBHAM, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	32		
		Sagittarij . . .	37		
		Wallici . . .	19	—	89
Thomas BEAMONT, Junior Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	7		
		Sagittarij equites . . .	11		
		Sagittarij pedites . . .	2	—	21
Will'us DARCYE, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
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		Sagittarij . . .	4	—	7
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		Armigeri . . .	2	—	3
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		Homines ad arma . . .	7		
		Sagittarij . . .	7	—	20
Joh'es POTENHALL, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	2	—	5
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		Sagittarij . . .	8	—	15
Egidus Beauchampe, Miles.					

Johannes CAREWE, Junior Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	3		
		Sagittarij . . .	1	—	5
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		Sagittarij . . .	9	—	14
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		Sagittarij . . .	35	—	49
Simo' BASSETT, Miles.	{	Milites . . .	1		
		Armigeri . . .	2		
		Sagittarij . . .	3	—	6
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		Armigeri . . .	4		
		Sagittarij . . .	5	—	10

Will'us WOLFORD,	{	Milites . . .	1	
Miles Gascomes.		Armigeri . . .	4	
		Sagittarij . . .	5	— 10
Petrus DESPAINE,	{	Banneretti . . .	1	
Miles.		Armigeri . . .	20	— 21
		In Toto . . .	116.	

Note to Richard Turpyn.

Bale makes mention of the ancient chronicler and burgess of Calais as, "Richardus Turpyn, ex honesta quadam Anglorum familia natus, et Caleti sub rege Henrico octavo militiam exercens, Anglicè conguessit *Sui temporis Chronicon*, lib. i, obiit que circa annum à Christi nativitate, 1541, in D. Nicholai templo illic sepultus."—*Balæi Scriptores*, fol. Basil, 1559, part ii, p. 103.

Note to Lord de Lisle's recall from Calais.

From Holinshed's account of "Lord Lisle's trouble," it would seem that he was charged upon no more creditable evidence than that supplied by rumour, with having been privy to a conspiracy that existed amongst a disaffected portion of the garrison of Calais, for the betrayal of the town into the hands of the French; a cruel calumny, as it turned out, for which he was kept a close prisoner in the Tower for the space of ten years; one of his "gentlemen," Clement Philpot, together with his chaplain, Edmond Brindholme, and four other persons, having been hanged at Tyburn on the 4th of August, 1540, on suspicion "of being concerned in the same with him."

The unjustly imprisoned deputy, and he a Plantagenet! was at length declared to be innocent by the Privy Council, and released from the Tower, though

only to die the day after his honour had been pronounced untarnished, and his freedom been thus tardily vouchsafed him: "His heart," as the ancient chronicler alluded to asserts, "having been oppressed with such immoderate joye at receiving a ring with a riche diamond and a message from the king, bidding him to be of good cheere, as he deemed him voyde of all offence, that he dyed the night following through too much rejoycing."

Note to the Duke of Suffolk and the Duchess of Savoy.

The chronicler, Hall, has a very interesting notice of the royal meeting at Tournay, in 1513; mention being especially made of Charles Brandon and the Duchess of Savoy, they having evidently been the hero and heroine of the lists and tilt-ground. He says, that on "Monday, the eleventh day of October, the English King (Henry VIII) rode without the gates of the town, and received the Prince of Castile, the Lady Margarete, Duchess of Savoy, and other nobles, and escorted them into Tournay with great triumph. The news went that Brandon (but then created Viscount Lysle) solicited the hand of the daughter of the emperor Maximilian in marriage; but *whether he proffered marriage or not she favoured him highly*; the prince and duchess sojourning at Tournay with great solace for the space of ten days. During this time there were justes and feates of arms, when the King and Lord Lysle answered all comers, the former being attended by twenty-four knights on foot, habited in coates of purple velvet and cloth of gold.

"A tent of cloth of gold was pitched for the 'armoree and releve;' the King had a base and trapper of purple velvet, both set full of 'SS.' of fync bullion, and the Lord Lysle the same suit.

"There were many spears broken, and many a good

buffet given; the strange knights, as the Lord Wallon and Lord Emery having ‘done righte well.’ And when the justes were done, the King, Brandon, and other knightly performers in the tournament, doffed their helmets and rode about the tilt-ground doing greate reverence to the dames and demoiselles assembled, and then the heraulds cryed, ‘To LODGING! To LODGING!’”

Note to the ancient Palace of the Staple—(Vide Frontispiece).

We have endeavoured, in our Frontispiece, to give a sketch of the gateway to this interesting old building, as it existed a few years ago, ere its features were disfigured by the present incongruous and unsightly casements, that have supplanted the original ones over the archway for the convenience of the persons who have taken up their residence within it.

Nodier, in his magnificent *Pittoresque Voyage en Picardie*, has an engraving of this gateway to the *Cour de Guise*, though a good deal *en paraphrase*, we fancy, on viewing it in its present form; the centre window, as drawn by him, being evidently out of all character with the general style of architecture. He has also blazoned the escutcheon inserted beneath the parapet with the arms of the Duke de Guise, whose name the old palace bore after our expulsion from Calais; whilst we have substituted the bearings of the Guild of Wool-Staplers, by whom it was originally erected; neither the one or the other existing at the present day, the only relic of an heraldic nature, being the nearly obliterated insignia of the latter, that may still be traced in the two escutcheons inserted in the semi-octagon pillars to the gateway, the same being described in the text, chap. xii, p. 100.

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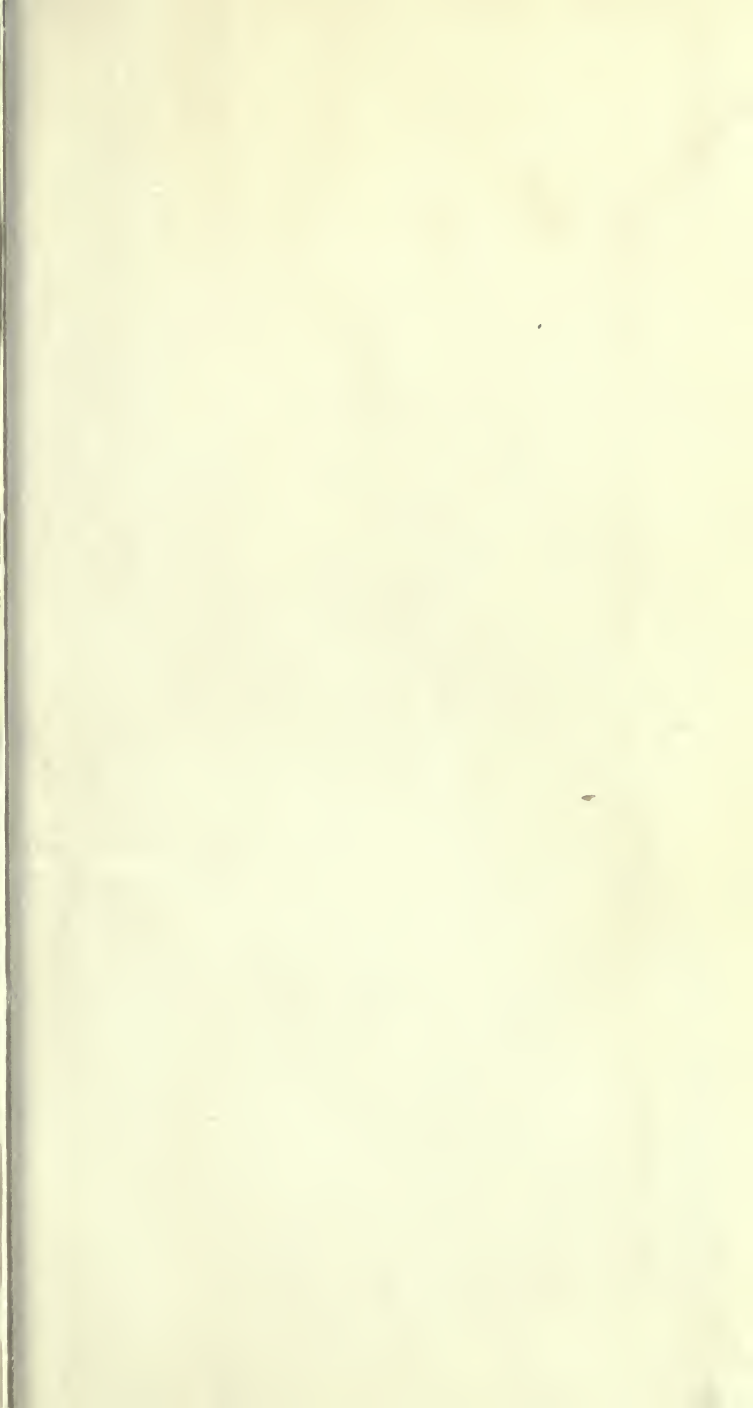
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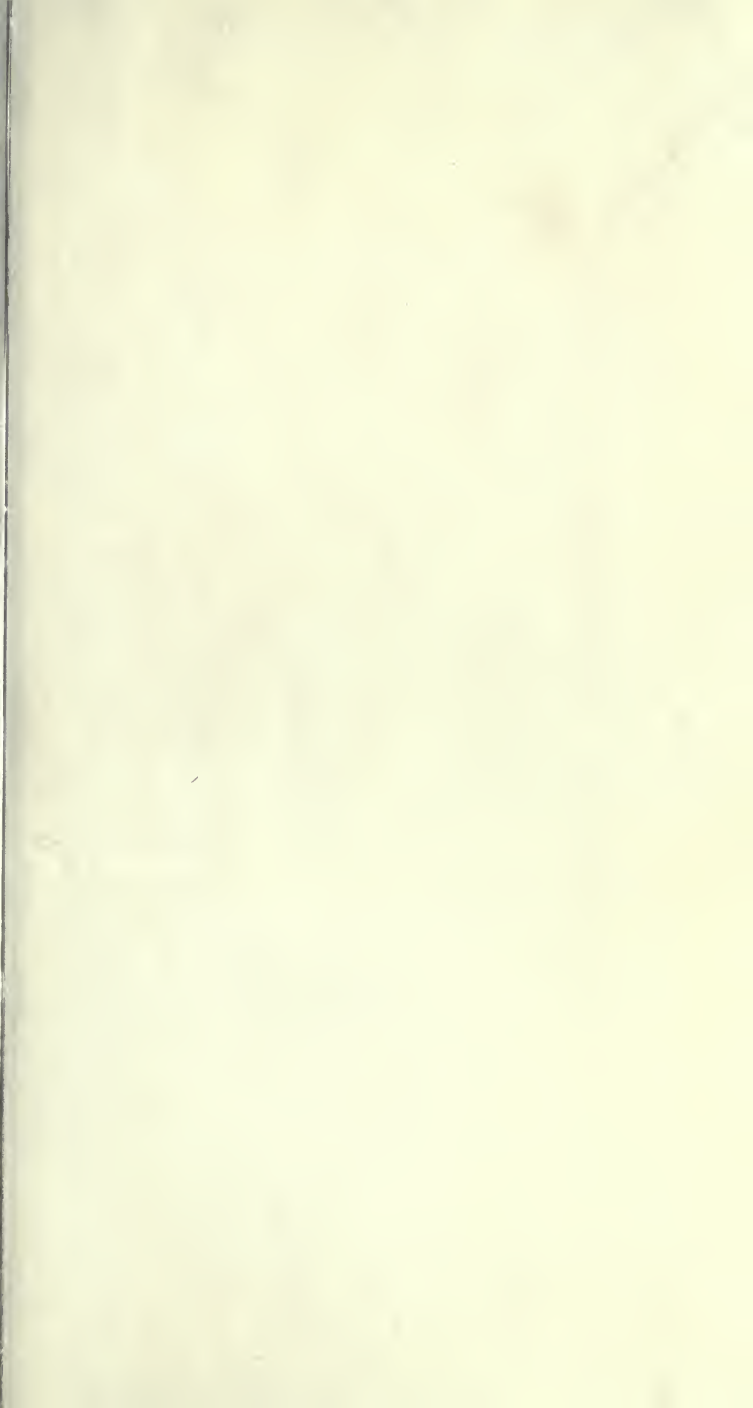
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